The Burial of Edgar Snow *Lois Wheeler Snow*

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NEWSPAPER

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—January 26, 1974, 50 cents

Milking the White House

Brooks Jackson

Oil Blackmail—*Louis J. Walinsky*
Peepers & Creepers—*John Osborne*
Media Monopolies—*Walter Pincus*
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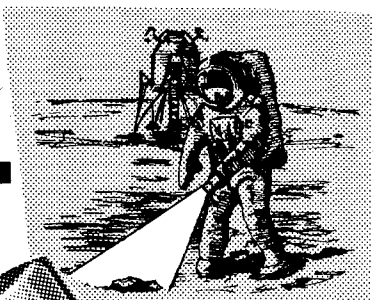

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TRB

from Washington
January 26, 1974

Tunneling

They're digging a subway not two blocks from the White House, and sometimes at night, as you hurry for your bus over temporary catwalks you see for a second far below a gloomy light in the cavern under your feet and hurry on lest the walkway collapse.

They're digging something else here, too, a political excavation called impeachment, that gets deeper, stranger, more daunting every day, and sometimes as you hurry along you shudder lest the crazy thing collapse.

No, it won't. America won't collapse. What is happening could, in the long run, even be beneficial. The country is extending in its own way the possible path of democracy. It is tunneling a passage through an impasse we thought couldn't be forced. Nearly every day some new detonation shakes the structures, even the White House. Someday our children may use the precedents we are blasting now and never think of the agony that went into them.

In a few weeks, as it looks now, England may hold a general election to end a deadlock that threatens to ruin her. There would be three or four weeks of electoral turbulence and then, perhaps, a resolution one way or another. It is the traditional parliamentary safety valve.

There is no such apparatus in the American Constitution, unfortunately, but the Founding Fathers did leave a provision that in our predicament we are rediscovering after 200 years. It is a process of impeachment (that is, indictment) by the House for presidential maladministration. The process was to be "a bridle" upon the President, explained *The Federalist Papers*, and it was enacted out of fear of "encroachments of the executive." Impeachment was not to be a verdict of guilt—that would be left to a possible two-thirds vote of the Senate; impeachment was to be a preliminary examination in the House and finding of probable cause.

These ideas of the presidency are so startling to most Americans today that we can hardly believe them, and yet the Founding Fathers were not subversives; it is we who have built up a different, mystical concept of the imperial presidency. The rediscovery of the living Constitution, in the trauma of Watergate, is one of the most extraordinary ironies of our history. What is an impeachable offense? "The only honest answer is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be in a given moment in history." Who made that astonishing remark? Why Rep. Gerald Ford said it in 1970, arguing for impeachment of Justice William O. Douglas. And last week I heard William Saxbe, the new Attorney General, put it even more bluntly to a breakfast group: "The House can indict a man if they don't like the color of his necktie." Constitutional authorities like Raoul Berger, Paul S. Fenton and Leon Yankwich all agree on this: an impeachable offense is not necessarily a criminal offense; impeachment itself is not merely a juridical process; it is a political process. In short the framers left the matter vague because they wanted a curb on the presidency, on the threat to liberty of the illimitable greed for power. It is only we moderns who hang back from taking action against the scandals of Watergate.

The mood in America today toward the administration is not unlike the mood toward the Vietnam war. Many people loathed it but very few were willing to take drastic steps to end it. The strangest predicament is for the Republicans. I do not know one Republican politician who does not agree privately that it would probably be better for the party to get rid of the President and substitute Gerald Ford. At the moment he is Mister Clean; just what the Republicans most need. Alas for him he is now setting out to defend the administration; the role is prepared for him and he must go through with it. "Only a relatively small group of activists," he proclaimed last week, are out to impeach the President. They seek to drag out the Watergate affair "for political advantage." The AFL-CIO, he says, and people like that. Poor Jerry.

And all the time the tunneling under Mr. Nixon's reputation goes on. It is strange in Washington, nobody believes anybody anymore, and people are prepared to believe anything! The President is back from his California vacation, bleak and ravaged. He prepares to take his speeches and messages to Congress. Operation Candor has been a fiasco. The bell rings excitedly on the news ticker: Bulletin . . . the Pentagon has been stealing documents from Kissinger's National Security Affairs office! Did you say the *radical intellectuals* had been stealing them? No, the admirals and generals.

The bell rings again. Bulletin . . . Technical experts tell Judge Sirica the 18-minute gap in the subpoenaed tape of the Nixon-Haldeman conversation of June 20, 1972 (presumably about Watergate) was made "by repeated stopping and starting."

And the sworn testimony that Mitchell and Kleindienst gave; didn't they say that nobody had pressured them in the ITT case? But here is the administration's white paper on the subject. The President did pressure them.

And didn't Dr. Kissinger categorically assure the Senate that he had no knowledge of the intelligence activities of his former aide, David Young, co-director of the plumbers? Yet according to the latest development Kissinger ordered Young to investigate the leaks to the Pentagon that he uncovered.

And didn't Mr. Nixon himself say he knew nothing in advance about the proposed campaign contributions of the dairymen for raising milk price supports in 1971? And what is the new story? According to the official white paper he met the dairymen in the Oval Office, March 23, 1971, having previously been briefed on their expected gift. "There was no mention whatsoever of campaign contributions."

But Ralph Nader, in a lawsuit brought to have the milk order rescinded, has got the White House tapes of what Mr. Nixon actually said. The President began by congratulating the dairymen for being "politically very conscious." He contrasted them flatteringly with businessmen and others "around this table" who "yammer and talk a lot" but "don't do anything about it." Then Mr. Nixon said significantly, "But you do, and I appreciate that. I don't need to spell it out. Friends talk, and others keep me posted as to what you do."

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Nixon didn't know what was going on.

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Who Needs Enemies?

We respect Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, the courageous Soviet author, but he missed the mark a few months ago when he criticized Western liberals for denouncing right-wing governments while ignoring crimes against humanity committed by Communist regimes. The opposite is true. The plight of Russian intellectuals has been highly publicized in what is called the liberal press, and the amendment proposed by Sen. Henry Jackson and Rep. Charles Vanik to impose tough trade conditions on the Kremlin unless its leaders ease their rigid emigration policies further reflects efforts in nonreactionary circles to exert pressure on the Soviet Union and other East European states. In contrast our indifference to oppression in smaller client states is striking. The US abets that oppression by its aid program. The Senate, during a recent examination of the foreign aid bill, cut off funds for foreign police, a minor measure. It also passed a toothless "sense of Congress" resolution permitting the President to deny help to any country that imprisons dissident citizens. But the Nixon administration is not expected to avail itself of the opportunity. Meanwhile Sen. Mark Hatfield (R, Ore.) rendered a significant service by commissioning the Library of Congress to survey the civil liberties allowed by some of our aid recipients. That report, published in the *Congressional Record* last month, ought to have wide distribution, for it once again demonstrates the dependence of dictatorships on our bounty. Secretary Kissinger may say that "we don't interfere in the politics of other countries," but in fact we are party to their politics. The Library of Congress survey shows that many of the more egregiously oppressive regimes are US beneficiaries. One of the worst is headed by Jean-Claude Duvalier, who has ruled Haiti since the death in 1971 of his father, the notorious "Papa Doc." The Duvalier government, according to Amnesty International, has held numbers of its citizens in jail for years without trial or indictment. Its economic policies are corrupt. Although the country's per capita income is about $70 per year, the government spends more for security than anything else. The US is giving Haiti $11 million, the equivalent of one-third of its budget.

Nicaragua, described as the hemisphere's "only hereditary dictatorship" because it has been dominated for the past 36 years by the Somoza family whose power is guaranteed by the loyal National

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Guard, is another favored police state. The present strongman, General Anastasio Somoza, is master of the legislature, the courts and the media. He requires that all government employees belong to his ruling Partido Liberal Nacional. Total US economic aid since 1946 has run to $164 million; economic and military assistance during the current fiscal year will total $23.7 million.

Another US protégé is Paraguay, which has been managed single-handedly by General Alfredo Stroessner and his military associates since 1954. Stroessner rules under virtual martial law, with troops, police and officials, in every village, appointed by the central government. The press has operated under censorship since 1969, when the Catholic Church weekly *Comunidad* was closed down. Two years ago the Paraguayan National Bishops Conference assailed Stroessner's "systematic persecution of the Church." The US has poured $136.7 million into Paraguay, and current economic and military aid amounts to more than $12 million. Those dollars do not symbolize an amoral, hands-off foreign policy; they're US investments in despotism.

Bolivia is another example. After a coup d'état in August 1971, Colonel Hugo Banzer Suarez declared martial law, arrested opposition activists, suspended constitutional rights and inspired both army squads and vigilante groups to seize and assassinate citizens considered "subversive." Some 5000 people have since fled the country. Amnesty International estimates there were 300 political prisoners in Bolivian jails last September and that others had been tortured to death. In July 1973 the Division for Justice and Peace of the US Catholic Conference condemned the "violent repression of human rights" in Bolivia, describing it as a "reign of terror . . . directed . . . quite indiscriminately against anyone engaged in social action programs." The US funneled $579 million into Bolivia in economic and military aid between 1946 and 1972; current assistance is $42.6 million.

Writing in these pages last month, Rose Styron described the atrocities committed by the Brazilian military junta. The Library of Congress survey essentially confirms that account. Beginning with the ouster of the Goulart government in April 1964, the survey says, successive Brazilian military regimes have become more stridently authoritarian. The prerogatives of the legislature are limited and the press is under a censorship now described by the Inter-American Press Association as "the strictest since the military seized power." The present chief executive, General Emilio Garrastazu Medici, who will be replaced in March by another representative of the military hierarchy, General Ernesto Geisel, has governed under a directive that enfranchises him to promulgate secret decrees relating to any matter concerning national security, which effectively means that his command has been absolute. Many high Catholic Church figures, including the Papal Nuncio, have denounced the torture of political prisoners by the Brazilian police, a charge substantiated in a September 1972 report compiled after a three-year study by Amnesty International. The junta has repeatedly denied the accusations, claiming that they were invented by "international agents of subversion and harbored by a morbid and sensationalist sector of the foreign press." But at least one former member of the government has acknowledged them to be accurate—and so, as Rose Styron's account relates, have several victims of the junta. None of this has inhibited the US from coming to the aid of Brazil's rulers with the largest assistance program in Latin America, close to $80 million this year, and, since 1946, over $2.7 billion.

The point is that the government of the United States *is* a protagonist in domestic struggles throughout the world; our foreign policy is not morally blind, it chooses to help perpetuate the autocracies it sees. South Korea has swallowed up more than $11 billion in US economic and military assistance and is slated to receive nearly $500 million this year. Yet President Park Chung Hee, who declared a state of national emergency in December 1971, shows no inclination to share his absolute command. President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines, who also declared martial law in September 1972 in order to arrest his political adversaries and clamp down on the most independent press in Asia, is getting more than $100 million in economic and military assistance. Indonesia, where more than 50,000 political prisoners still languish in detention camps or on remote islands as the result of an abortive uprising eight years ago, will benefit from $251 million in US aid this year. The list of other repressive recipients includes Argentina, Chad, Cambodia, Greece, Morocco, Zaire and of course South Vietnam, where President Nguyen Van Thieu's refusal to release his political captives under the terms of the Paris agreement now threatens to rekindle the war that President Nixon once said had been honorably ended.

We would go part way with Secretary Kissinger's "realpolitik." We would not cut off every government whose policies we consider repellent, since aid can better the lives of people despite their leaders. But as Sen. Hatfield has said, we ought to make sure that aid funds are committed to that end, rather than the security of tyrants. If we are to do as Solzhenitsyn wants and exert economic pressure on the Soviet Union and other Communist states to liberalize, should we not do the same in the case of countries in "the free world"? Admittedly, we are not the moral tutor of our allies or our adversaries. But it does not follow that the United States stands for nothing. Our traditional preference for freedom obliges us in self-respect to have, at the least, a detached relationship to regimes that offend our sense of justice. The United States must live in the same world with them, thus détente, but our government need not, should not, get in bed with them.

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The Oil Information Shortage

Suddenly everyone has caught on to the fact that the government doesn't know how bad the oil shortage is. The Federal Energy Office (FEO) puts out statistics, draws up allocation plans and makes predictions based on guesswork and good faith. Several times it has had to revise its calculations and it still has not decided whether gasoline rationing will be necessary. This indecision reflects in part a lack of experience and personnel, but the underlying fault is that the energy office has little data with which to form decisions, and the information it does have comes from the oil industry. As has been said in these pages before, the government is allocating fuel and raising prices today on the basis of unverified figures, most of which come from oil makers or their lobby in Washington, the American Petroleum Institute.

Spotting this as a lively issue, at least four congressional committees began inquiries this month to "determine the validity of energy statistics" and discover whether the crisis is "fact or fiction." In the Senate a subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee chaired by Sen. Proxmire and Sen. Jackson's special investigations subcommittee are quizzing the FEO and the energy companies about oil reserves and product inventories. Sen. Church's multinational corporations subcommittee is investigating an agreement between the US government and five major oil companies made in the 1950s. Church is asking for declassification of 38 documents that he says will show the Eisenhower administration agreed to soften an antitrust suit against some oil companies in return for their promise to drill for oil in Iran. Actions taken by this consortium in the 1960s, Church believes, helped produce the oil shortage today. In the House Rep. John Dingell has launched the Select Small Business Committee on a review of charges that the big oil companies contrived a shortage to kill off their competitors. Investigations are flourishing, and so is the mood of skepticism. People have learned that in addition to reducing the gasoline and heating oil they can buy, the shortage is inflating profits for the oil makers. Consumers are angry, and this is giving new ammunition to critics of the industry.

In the first of the new data hearings on January 14, Sen. Proxmire asked energy chief Simon whether he agreed that the government ought to begin collecting its own information directly at the source. Until last week the administration hadn't expressed an opinion, but there were signs that it was against it. Republican opposition was partly responsible for preventing enactment of the Emergency Energy Act in a filibuster before Christmas: Congress couldn't agree on several amendments to the bill, one of which would have created an excess profits tax for oil, and another that would have established a federal energy data office. But when asked about the data-gathering plan, Simon said he liked the idea and that his office had begun drafting a bill that would allow him to subpoena the records of fuel producers. There's already such a bill under review by the Senate Interior Committee. Introduced by Sen. Gaylord Nelson and co-sponsored by Sen. Jackson, S2782 would create an independent energy data office modeled after the Bureau of the Census, providing confidentiality if necessary. The bill would also authorize a special survey of energy reserves and production figures for federal lands. At the moment all information on federal reserves comes from the companies that do the extracting, and they have been known to make judicious miscalculations at times.

Simon appears to have less grandiose plans for the data office. He would like to make it a subdivision of the FEO and not a bureaucracy unto itself. Regardless of how it comes, federal collection of fuel data is on the way, and so is public disclosure. At Simon's request, the Internal Revenue Service and the CIA have asked agents to compile statistics on oil shipments and to compare them with company figures.

Now that the mood has turned against them, the oil companies themselves have begun to spew statistics. The first was Texaco. On January 10 it released figures on its fuel holdings "in order to help the public understand the significance of these inventory levels during the energy shortage." Quickly there came more figures and helpful explanations from Mobil, Shell, Gulf, Standard of Indiana and Exxon. The decision to go public with company data, even on a small scale, represents a new era, "a break with precedent" as an official in the API research office said. But the API official also said that "they're not releasing very much. They're only giving you three or four figures for the entire US inventory, that's all." Inadequate as they may be, the numbers tell us at least one thing—we have not yet felt the impact of the Arab embargo. Most of the companies reported higher heating oil stocks this year than last year, about the same level of gasoline stocks, and in several cases, slightly lower crude oil stocks. The companies insist that if the embargo continues, the crude inventories will decline further, and soon the gasoline stocks will fall. The gasoline shortage will become severe, they say, in spring.

Track Record

Seven Northeast railroads (Penn Central, Reading, Boston & Maine, Jersey Central, Lehigh Valley, Erie-Lackawanna and Ann Arbor) have gone bankrupt, and face liquidation unless they are revived by government. The crisis came to a head a year ago, when

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28,000 Penn Central workers walked off their jobs to protest crew reductions. The chaos that followed showed that the Northeast railroads are crucial to the nation's economy. A shutdown of the Penn Central, it was predicted, would in eight weeks reduce the GNP by 2.7 percent, raise unemployment three percent, and cause an ecological disaster as shippers turned to trucking.

In ending the strike Congress directed the Department of Transportation to produce a plan for maintaining freight service in the region. Developed under former Undersecretary of Transportation Egil Krogh, Jr., the plan suggested setting up a for-profit corporation to run a streamlined freight system financed wholly by private funds. Congress revised the idea and set up a United States Railway Association (USRA) with power to hand out one and one-half billion dollars in federally guaranteed loans to a new Consolidated Rail Corporation and other railroads. Pressed by the courts, creditors, shippers and economic necessity, Congress acted, as one member said, "with a gun at its head." The result is a multibillion-dollar tax-supported solution with little protection for taxpayers.

If the new corporation is to be profitable, crews must be reduced, redundant facilities abandoned and pay formulas revised. A worker who has committed most of his life to the industry cannot, however, be junked like so much trackage. Employees of AMTRAK, for example, receive federally funded compensation for six years after they are laid off or take a cut in pay. The labor protection in HR9142 goes far beyond equity and fairness. Drafted by union leaders and executives of railroads outside the region, the new law guarantees full pay to workers with more than five years' service, up to $30,000 per year, *to age 65*. Based on previous earnings, the guarantee is inflated up to 35 percent by counting months with overtime but not months when the worker was employed less than half the time. The act provides full reimbursement for relocation and guarantees that a union member cannot be forced to accept a position outside his craft or class.

There is a one-time appropriation of $250 million for labor protection—hardly enough if the workforce is to be streamlined, since a furlough of a tenth of the workers would cost close to $120 million in the first year alone. A five percent pay cut would cost more than $50 million each year, and relocate millions more. The only concession required of labor is that the corporation may relocate employees as it wishes. In effect Congress has legislated a labor agreement, which was foolish. Instead it should have *authorized* the corporation to make the best deal it could at the bargaining table. That did not happen because labor was so influential that Rep. Staggers warned, "to tinker with this at all would be to endanger the whole bill."

Congress held no public hearings on these labor provisions. Those who drafted the section—among them Frank Barnett, chairman of Union Pacific—had no incentive to save public money. Barnett is also a member of the trust board of First National City Bank, which is owed $300 million by the Penn Central. Another participant, President W. G. Claytor of Southern Railway, sits on the board of another major creditor, Morgan Guaranty Trust.

Just as shortsighted as the labor provisions are the arrangements for purchase of bankrupt railroads by the corporation. USRA, DOT and the ICC decide which rail properties the corporation is to receive, and the corporation pays for them with its own stock and a "minimal" amount of bonds. Whatever the price—estimates run from two to 15 billion dollars and it could take 20 years of litigation to decide—the corporation as now funded cannot afford it. For the stock to have any value, it must attract investors, and at least one financial analyst, Isabel Benham of Shearson, Hammill & Co., finds "incredible . . . the concept that a new northeastern system could be profitable to such an extent that it would attract private capital on an equity basis." If the new securities are worth less than the rail properties (or are worthless), the court will issue a deficiency judgment against the corporation and Congress will have to step in again and put up more money as a guarantee. As revealed by the bill's sponsor, Rep. Dick Shoup (R, Mont.), a deficiency judgment would mean that the current appropriation "is not an absolute limitation on the amount of money the taxpayers may be called upon to finance this venture."

Another weak point is a section authorizing loans to connecting railroads outside the Northeast that may get into financial trouble. This premature expansion of the program will strain the inadequate resources of USRA. The primary beneficiary will be Rock Island Railroad. Union Pacific, whose executives helped draft the bill and lobbied strongly for it, has a merger pending with Rock Island. Again, the public was left out when conferees dropped a House provision that would have placed the railroad securities under SEC regulation, and again when they dropped a provision for a consumer representative on the board of USRA.

The reorganization will make the former creditors of the railroads the owners of the new corporation. If it is profitable—an unlikely prospect—the former creditors will reap dividends and capital gains. If the corporation is a failure, Congress will have to revive the railroads at vast cost. Nationalization was never seriously considered by Congress, because we have a free-enterprise economy. What an enterprise—forcing the taxpayer to pay for the mistakes of private investors and private managers!

William L. Phillips

MR. PHILLIPS *is a law and graduate business student at the University of Pennsylvania.*

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The Burial Of Edgar Snow

by Lois Wheeler Snow

Peking

On Friday, last October 19, when the afternoon sun was misty in an autumn sky, a part of Edgar Snow returned forever to the campus of Peking University. As a young man he had taught in the department of journalism on these same grounds, at what was then called Yenching University. Almost 40 years later a brief ceremony was conducted in the small garden where his ashes were placed beneath a white jade marble stone on which is inscribed, "In Memory of Edgar Snow, an American Friend of the Chinese People. 1905-1972." Above the English lettering the words are repeated in the Chinese calligraphy of Premier Chou En-lai, who wrote the brief text.

In his autobiography, *Journey to the Beginning*, Edgar Snow tells of the nearly two years in the '30s that he spent on this campus "in touch with modern Chinese youth and thought. Yenching was an upper-class institution," he wrote, "whose students normally should have been political conservatives. But as the national crisis deepened, and class war merged with Japan's conquests in the North, a wave of radicalism began to spread there. By 1935 Yenching had unexpectedly become the birthplace of student protests which touched off a nationwide 'rebellion of youth.'... Yenching had evolved from a missionary institution but was moving toward complete Chinese control, in accordance with the liberal ideals of its principal founder, Dr. J. Leighton Stuart, who was to be America's last resident ambassador at Nanking before the Communists took power. Stuart was largely responsible for raising the American funds to build Yenching and also for its distinguished architecture, a fine example of traditional Chinese, modified by Western materials and interior fittings and improvements. It was built in part on the site of the *Yuan-ming-yuan* and retained some of the original landscaping, including a lovely lake in the center of the garden-like campus. On that lake on sunny winter days we used to watch aging Manchu retainers from Hai-tien give fascinating exhibitions of figure-skating...."

Yenching has since blended into the larger whole of Peking University, the Manchu retainers have given way to revolutionaries, and today the lakeside echoes with the chatter and laughter of a new generation of students, "tempered" as they say, by the struggle of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

In 1970 we had walked together, Ed and I, on the willow-lined road that circles that same lake. We paused beside a dusty-pink pavilion to gaze through its arch onto the expanse of sunlit water. Behind us, on a slight elevation reached by stones that serve as steps, lay a grassy glade framed by pines and hidden from our view. Three years have passed since that moment and the quiet spot is now a memorial to the American from Missouri who, in difficult times, had helped explain the Chinese Communist revolution to people across the seas, and to many native Chinese concerned but confused by the shaking events within their own country. The Chinese never forgot Ed's breakthrough into the blockaded Northwest to see for himself the survivors of the Long March, nor the account he gave to the world in *Red Star Over China*.

When he became desperately ill, after his return from China in 1971, Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai sent a medical team of four Chinese doctors and seven nurses to our home in Switzerland in an emergency effort to save his life. The disease was advanced cancer of the pancreas and there was no hope of cure; the doctors and nurses stayed on to relieve his pain, to care and comfort, to give an ease and dignity in dying that without them would not have been possible. Dr. George Hatem, the American whose Chinese name is Ma Hai-teh, was one of the doctors. It was he who had accompanied Ed in 1936 to the Communists' refuge in Pao An, he who had stayed on with the growing army of revolutionaries through the following 13 years until the victorious troops entered Peking and declared liberation. Ed once pointed out that Hatem's arrival in the Northwest "doubled the Western-trained medical force" there. His continued work in China ever since greatly helped to eradicate venereal disease.

On my visit last fall to Peking, Teng Ying-chao, the wife of the Premier and one of the few women alive today who made the Long March, told me that it was natural for the Chinese to send the doctors and nurses to us in Switzerland: after all, "Ed brought us George Hatem when *we* desperately needed doctors."

When their friend died, on February 15, 1972, the Chinese leaders offered their country as a final resting place of honor and respect. It was as simple as that. During the year I took to consider that offer, they waited, with understanding, for a reply. I discussed with the children, with Ed's family and close friends, where his ashes belonged, seeking to maintain the objectivity, the internationality of Ed's life and work.

It would have been easy and comforting to immedi-

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ately accept the offer from Peking. Later I learned that many people believed I had done so when I went to China a month after Ed's death. But I had gone, with my sister and my son, solely to express our gratitude for the magnificent help the Chinese had given us in a time of sorrow and pain.

During the months of indecision I kept returning to a passage in *Journey to the Beginning:* "China had claimed a part of me even if I could make no claim on her. In place of my youthful ignorance of meanings of words and statistics there were real scenes and personalities—until famine now meant a naked young girl with breasts a million years old, and horror meant an army of rats I saw feasting on the suppurating flesh of still-living soldiers left helpless and untended on a charred battlefield; until rebellion meant the fury I felt when I saw a child turned into a pack animal and forced to walk on all fours, and 'Communism' was a youthful peasant I knew fighting to avenge the execution of 56 members of his clan-family, held jointly responsible when three of its sons joined the Red Army; until war was the slit belly of a girl ravished and thrown naked before me on the streets of Chapei, and murder was the yellow corpse of an unwanted baby tossed onto a garbage heap in an alley near the Ministry of Health; until Japan's 'anti-Communist leadership in Asia' was the feet and arms of orphan girls buried in the debris of a building bombed before my eyes, and inhumanity the laughter of idle men in silk watching one beggar choke another to death in a street fight in Szechuan over a handful of leftover rice; until I had seen dark frozen fear and cowardice in myself and courage and resolution in lowly men and women I had once childishly supposed my inferiors.

"Yes, I would be part of that. And part of me would always remain with China's tawny hills, her terraced emerald fields, her island temples seen in the early morning mist, a few of her sons and daughters who had trusted or loved me, her bankrupt cheerful civilized peasants who had sheltered and fed me, her brown, ragged, shining-eyed children, the equals and the lovers I had known, and above all the lousy, unpaid, hungry, despised, peasant foot-soldier who in the mysterious sacrifice of his own life alone now gave value to all life and put the stamp of nobility upon the struggle of a great people to survive and to go forward.

"Yes, I was proud to have known them, to have straggled across a continent with them in defeat, to have wept with them and still to share a faith with them. But I was not and could never be one of them. A man who gives himself to be the possession of an alien land . . . lives a Yahoo life . . . I was an American."

And so I hesitated to totally commit him in death where he had not been totally committed in life, for he had loved China and he had loved America and had felt the claim of each.

It was Ed who made the decision. Sometime before he became ill, long before he died, he wrote a brief note and tucked it among personal papers which he addressed to me. My sister and I came across them last summer as we were going through his files. At the end of the note he had written, "I love China. I should like part of me to stay there after death as it always did during life. America fostered and nourished me. I should like part of me placed by the Hudson River, before it enters the Atlantic to touch Europe and all the shores of mankind of which I felt a part, as I have known good men in almost every land." Part of him belonged in China, part belonged to his native land.

The Chinese not only understood this, they asked me to designate the place I thought suitable for that part of him that would rest in their country. I replied with three choices: Pao An, the little village where Ed had first encountered Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai; Sian, the provincial capital of Shensi, from where Ed and George Hatem started their trip further north in 1936—and whose name was given to our daughter, Sian; and Peking, where Ed acquired a new sense of mankind as he lived in and watched the people's struggle for freedom from foreign aggression and internal greed.

With the thought and consideration that goes into decision in China today, Peking was agreed upon as the most accessible site. The "conventional" burial place in this city is Papaoshan Cemetery—if one is a revolutionary hero or martyr. It was difficult to say no when this honor was proffered my husband, but he was neither a hero nor a martyr. He was not in a true sense a revolutionary, though his life was a "commitment against fascism, nazism and imperialism everywhere." As a writer he became teacher and educator, making "the shattering discovery that what any man writes or says, can under certain circumstances, lead people, even complete strangers, to actions which might end in speedy death. I felt [he wrote] personally answerable to the Chinese whose lives I had wittingly or unwittingly helped to place in peril. As I heard of friends and students killed in the war I realized that my own writing had taken on the nature of political action."

Participating always in the present, his eyes were constantly on the future molders of the world he would help make and leave behind. Many shadowed days were brightened by thoughtful words sent to him from youths who had responded to his books. Ed was 22 when he first reached Shanghai "full of curiosity and wide open to the world." What happened to him as a young man formed the mature battler who refused to dilute harsh truth even in the face of skepticism and scorn. I asked that he be placed somewhere at Peking University where he would be with the young. The Chinese agreed.

We gathered there that Friday, old and young and middle-aged, Chinese and foreigners—Japanese and

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Swedish, Canadians and English, Chileans from a country recently wrecked by military fascists and a German who long ago had left a Nazi-corrupted homeland and settled in the East, American visitors newly welcomed and American residents from the past.

In front of us, on either side of the memorial stone, traditional Chinese wreaths formed a wall of silk flowers and white ribbons; they were from Mao Tse-tung, "In tribute to Edgar Snow"; from Soong Ching-ling, Chou En-lai and Chu Teh, from Teng Ying-chao, Chiang Ching, Chiao Kuan-hua, Kuo Mo-jo, Li Fu-chun, Liao Cheng-chih, from the Revolutionary Committee of Peking City, the journalists of Peking, and the students and teachers of Peking University—a wealth of friends whose paths had crisscrossed Ed's life in hard days and good, since he first set foot on China's soil. There were wreaths from family and friends far away and beside the stone, like a burst of spring, lay a mound of fresh blossoms from "Christopher and Sian to Poppa" and from "Lois to Ed."

Liao Cheng-chih, old friend and old revolutionary, spoke for China: "Edgar Snow was an old friend of the Chinese people. For several decades, both in the years of hardship during the Chinese revolution and in the years after the founding of new China, he consistently exerted unremitting efforts and made important contributions in promoting mutual understanding and friendship between the Chinese and American peoples. His life bore testimony to the true friendship between the Chinese and American peoples. A year and more has elapsed since the death of Edgar Snow. During this period Sino-US relations have been improved to some extent, and friendly contacts between the peoples of China and the United States have been increasing daily. We are convinced that this friendship between our two peoples, for which Edgar Snow worked all his life, will grow continuously."

My few words included my heart. "In Peking University, where he once taught the young, he now lies at rest, where other youths are benefiting from the sacrifices and struggles of past students. May those here at present and in the future—youths from many lands—use this garden as he would want it used—for rest, for play, for study, for work, in that same spirit that brought about the liberation of the country he loved."

As I spoke I could see the grave, handsome face of Chou En-lai, the sweet, strong features of Teng Ying-chao, and Sian in between, her young brow marked by her father's death. I thought of Christopher, at school in London, as my eyes passed over the solemn faces of students and teachers representing the university. In that communion of thought and acknowledgment was the essence of Edgar Snow's life in China. Soon I would go, accompanied by different friends and family, to his beloved Hudson River and there place that other part of him that belongs to his native land.

The Nixon Watch

Peepers & Creepers

For awhile there, between January 11 and January 15, the White House news took one away from the Watergate scene and back to the halcyon time when it was possible to groan and laugh and marvel at the doings around Richard Nixon, including the examples of stupidity and chicanery that surfaced often enough to satisfy any but the most rabid critics, without fearing for the nation and having to conclude that the Nixon presidency deserved and was nearing its end. The brief holiday from horror ended on the 15th when six electronics experts told federal Judge John Sirica in Washington that a subpoenaed tape recording of a conversation about the original Watergate break-in and burglary in June of 1972 between the President and his staff chief, H. R. Haldeman, had been erased in a way that could only have been deliberate. The testimony concerned an erasure that had been known to the President since October 1 and concealed from the court and public until November 21. The erasure occurred on one of the White House tapes that the President said on July 23 he had taken into his personal custody, ostensibly to see that they were preserved intact and inviolate and actually to protect them from judicial, congressional and public scrutiny. The expert testimony indicated beyond supportable doubt that a specific crime had been committed on the President's behalf and conceivably by the President himself. A reporter at a public White House briefing asked Mr. Nixon's spokesman, "Did the President erase the tape?" In a tone and with a facial expression indicating awareness of the humiliation to which he and his President were reduced, the spokesman answered "No." The damage to what was left of Mr. Nixon's repute and credibility made impeachment more likely than it already was, made the question of whether a sitting President is subject to criminal indictment a real and present question for Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, and immensely increased the pressures upon the President to resign.

The news that afforded temporary respite from such concerns was lightsome and relieving only by comparison with the accustomed run of Watergate news. It raised quite serious questions as to whether the President either deceived himself or knowingly deceived Congress, the courts and the public in 1973 when he said publicly on three occasions and privately on many others that vital issues of national security required him to withhold information about the White House surveillance and espionage outfit known as "the plumbers" that he set up in 1971. He also argued that national security matters handled by this outfit were so critical and sensitive that the Senate Watergate committee and the special Watergate prosecutor would

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cause grave harm to the nation if they probed deeply and extensively into the activities of his Special Investigations Unit. Even so, the news that emerged on and after January 11 was a relief in the sense that it had more to do with peepers and creepers in high places than it did with admitted felons and with characters who found it needful to say as the President said on November 17, "I am not a crook."

The thrust of the news was that military personnel who were assigned to Henry Kissinger's National Security Council staff at the White House spied upon him, rifled his and the NSC's files, and regularly conveyed stolen information and documents to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and specifically to the JSC chairman, Admiral Thomas Moorer. Rear Admiral Robert O. Welander and a young naval secretary-stenographer who was assigned to him, Yeoman 1st Class Charles Radford, were reported to have been doing the dirty work for their superiors at the Pentagon in 1970-71. Radford was said to have given columnist Jack Anderson the official, verbatim minutes of four meetings of an NSC subgroup, the Washington Special Action Group, at which Kissinger relayed and executed the President's command to "tilt" American policy in favor of Pakistan and against India during the India-Pakistan war in late 1971. There was much more of the same kind of stuff, all of it essentially trivial. Admiral Moorer said the notion that he would or needed to rely upon stolen data for knowledge of what went on in Kissinger's shop was "ludicrous and absurd." Yeoman Radford said that he wasn't Jack Anderson's source. These assertions were greeted with indulgent disbelief at the White House. In February 1972, soon after Welander and Radford were abruptly removed from the NSC staff and the NSC-Defense liaison office in Room 376-A in the Executive Office Building next door to the White House was stripped of its files and abolished, NSC staff civilians were told that Welander and Radford did supply Moorer and others in authority at the Pentagon with purloined information and that Radford had leaked the WASAG documents to Anderson.

Two circumstances lent these shenanigans an interest that they wouldn't otherwise have had. First, they were the subject of investigation and report to the President by his Special Investigations Unit. This was the fact that brought them to the attention of the Senate Watergate committee. Second, the military spying upon Henry Kissinger and the theft of documents from his files resulted from the extreme secrecy in which he conducted NSC business. He literally cut both the Defense and State Departments out of the main channels of information at a time when he was preparing the Nixon approach to Communist China and superintending the preparation of the US position to be taken in arms limitation talks with the Soviet Union. Military aides stationed at the White House and military people assigned to the NSC since the council was established in 1947 have always, as a matter of course, kept their service superiors informed about what was going on at the White House. The degree of secrecy practiced and required by Kissinger, along with his reach for power and control over both foreign and defense policy, drew responses from the Joint Chiefs and from Defense Secretary Melvin Laird that went beyond the accepted norms. Laird required all communication between the military services and the NSC staff to be conducted through his office and during his last year at the Defense Department there was almost no communication.

Last July, when the Senate Watergate committee was looking into the Nixon plumbers' activities, Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee noticed that a paragraph was omitted from a White House memorandum on the subject and demanded an explanation. Two Nixon lawyers, Fred Buzhardt and Leonard Garment, briefed Baker, the Republican vice chairman of the committee, and Senator Sam Ervin, the chairman, in the deepest secrecy. Buzhardt and Garment argued for the President that a thorough inquiry into the plumbers' doings would be bound to lead to disclosures of secret information that would gravely damage the national interest. What the damaging information was the lawyers didn't say, with one exception. They told Ervin and Baker about the internecine rivalries, secrecy and thievery that marked the relationship between Kissinger and the Joint Chiefs and maintained that revealing this unpretty picture at committee hearings wouldn't do anybody any good. The President referred to this briefing when he said on November 17 that one piece of the information involved "was so serious that even Senator Ervin and Senator Baker agreed it should not be disclosed." It wasn't quite that way. Ervin's principal reaction was that the behavior of Kissinger and his military antagonists was none of the committee's business and that the committee therefore should and would refrain from thorough investigation of the Nixon plumbers. Baker thought the committee probably should disregard the White House argument but he didn't press the issue. Mostly he brooded about the singular fact that Admiral Welander and Yeoman Radford were not penalized or punished and that Admiral Moorer remained chairman of the JCS although the President knew or believed that he had authorized and benefited from military spying upon Henry Kissinger. During a talk with the President in mid-October, Baker asked him, "Why don't you proceed against these people?" Mr. Nixon answered, "If we did, we'd have to disclose the contents of the documents." Baker indicated to me on January 16 that he's willing to believe, but would like to have it proved, that in this matter the President really is concerned with national security and not about the effect that full inquiry into and disclosure of the operation would have upon him.

John Osborne

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Is Bigness a Curse?

Media Monopolies

by Walter Pincus

When a reporter comes up with a story of his own, it will be carried by whoever employs him—a newspaper, a radio or television station, a magazine. If he is lucky another publication or the networks will pick it up and relay it, but usually it dies a quick death. In the course of my career I have tried to promote the idea that newspapers, magazines and television should work together, so that important stories any of them originate can have the same broad impact as, say, a presidential press conference. This sharing of stories could be done locally by newspapers that own television and/or radio stations.

But if you try to set up that sort of collaboration, you run up against a barrier. A friend of mine who owns a radio and television station as well as a newspaper, once confided to me that it was his Washington lawyer who recommended a separate identity for the newspaper and radio-TV staffs. The lawyer did not want it to appear that single ownership meant a news monopoly, although in the end that is what it really was. To take the best from the newspaper and put it on television, or vice versa, might result in a better informed public, but in the case of my friend it could only be done on a regular basis if someone else owned either the paper or the station.

Some years ago I did a study of news reading and listening habits among college-educated, medium income men and women in Minneapolis. The Cowles family owns the city's morning and evening newspapers and a radio and television station there. I thought they did a good job on all of them. Nevertheless a common complaint among almost all those interviewed was that if the Cowles did not approve of a story, it could not get printed or aired. In that instance, but not in all, I thought the complaint unjustified. But would that same opportunity to "manage" news exist if some other company or individual owned either the newspapers or the radio-television stations in Minneapolis?

On January 2, the Justice Department asked the Federal Communications Commission to hold up renewal of radio-television licenses for three stations, each all or partly owned by a company that owned a newspaper in the same city. One was in Des Moines (the Cowles interests); the other two were in St. Louis (the Pulitzer Publishing Co. and the Newhouse chain). The department wanted public hearings held so that it could be determined whether continued operation by the present owners would "perpetuate the high degree of concentration in the dissemination of local news and advertising." Two months earlier the department had asked that a similar hearing be set by the FCC for radio and television stations in Milwaukee owned by that city's sole newspaper company. The coverage of the Des Moines story was significant. *The New York Times* ran a wire service report on the day of the filing and nothing else in the days that followed. No mention was made by the *Times* of the fact that Cowles Communications, Inc., which owns the Des Moines station, also owns an interest in the *Times*. *The Washington Post*, which noted *its* television station ownership in a second-day story, placed strong emphasis that day on a statement by former FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson that the Justice Department move was part of a "war on the media." That Johnson is now running for public office in Iowa, where the Cowles newspaper and the Cowles television station are dominant, was overlooked.

Diversified ownership of radio, television, newspapers and cable television would, in the best of times, be difficult for any government agency to further, even if the desired end is greater variety of news coverage and editorial opinion. The basic constitutional safeguard of the First Amendment limits what Congress, the White House and the courts may do. On top of that, diversifying ownership in a given town or city may run counter to a long-term economic trend toward media monopoly. In the past 20 years we've seen a great many newspapers that resisted that trend go under. Many local newspapers in self-defense have bought into local radio stations and, in turn, become the licensees for the first television stations. And local newspapers and television stations are often the developers of cable TV systems.

As of three years ago, according to the American Newspaper Association, 96 television stations, 229 AM radio stations and 151 FM stations were owned by newspapers in the same cities and towns. In almost every major city—New York, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Detroit, San Francisco, St. Louis, Cleveland, Baltimore, Atlanta, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Dallas, Milwaukee, Houston—one or more television stations are owned by local papers. In many smaller cities monopoly is more pronounced. In Topeka, Kansas, for example, Stauffer Publications, the company that owns the morning and evening newspaper,

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also owns the major television station and AM and FM radio stations. The legal counsel of Stauffer Publications is majority stockholder in the local cable television system—which he bought from Stauffer, who got the original CATV franchise. In Atlanta the Cox Newspapers own the only morning-evening papers and a radio and a television station. Cox is now seeking a waiver to permit continued ownership of the CATV system. The Justice Department is opposing the waiver.

Any serious contemplation of a government-sponsored media diversification policy comes under instant suspicion these days, because the administration's campaign for "diversity" has seemed a cover for an attack on what the President and his staff consider "unfair" journalism. In a White House memo written in October 1969, Jeb S. Magruder, then working on the President's public relations staff, advised H. R. Haldeman that in the preceding 30 days, the President had requested on 21 occasions that specific actions be taken to counter what he considered "unfair news coverage." "Begin an official monitoring system through the Federal Communications system as soon as Dean Burch is officially on board as chairman," was Magruder's first suggestion. "If the monitoring system proves our point [apparently that the TV networks treated Nixon news unfairly], we have then legitimate and legal rights to go to the networks, etc., and make official complaints *from the FCC*."

Magruder's second recommendation was more pertinent to the question of diversity: "Utilize the [Justice Department's] antitrust division to investigate various media relating to antitrust violations. Even the possible threat of antitrust action I think would be effective in changing their views in the above matter," *i.e.*, "unfair" coverage. Magruder's memo made plain that the administration saw in diversity—or in the threat that the White House was going to insist on more of it—a means of lessening criticism.

Whether the White House crew knew it or not, professionals within the Justice Department's antitrust division were already interested in media monopolies, as were several Democratic FCC commissioners. Well before Richard Nixon was elected, the FCC in 1968 under prodding from Robert Bartley and Nicholas Johnson proposed barring owners of full-time AM, FM or television stations from purchasing another outlet in the same city. The Justice Department that year asked the FCC to go a step further, requiring multimedia owners—particularly those with newspaper properties in the same towns as their radio or television stations—to divest themselves of all but one mass media outlet. In 1968 also, Justice moved against a Cheyenne, Wyoming media monopoly, winning a consent agreement that required the newspaper owner to divest the radio-television properties.

Thus when Magruder & Co. started looking for ways in 1969 to implement their ideas, they found ready support at Justice and the FCC. In March 1970 the FCC adopted its rule limiting future station ownership, and at the same time it set out to devise a further rule based on the Justice Department's 1968 suggestion that all newspapers be forced to sell radio-television properties owned in the same town or city. That initiative was sidetracked as a result of heavy attack from publishers and the radio-television industry. Studies were produced by the industry to prove that divestiture would bankrupt the companies. Dozens of congressmen and senators, prodded by the media back home, forwarded requests to FCC or Justice for status reports on the proposal. The newspaper publishers organization noted that after more than a year of study and 18 volumes of exhibits, only five individuals or groups—the Justice Department, a group of law students, a professor at Hofstra University, three academics at Stanford and one church group—had openly approved the concept: "No one has come forward with any showing that the public interest would be forwarded by forced separation of daily newspapers" to accomplish "the abstract of diversity." And the publishers went on to say that diversity "would only add to the plethora of separate and antagonistic voices already existing in the local market." Lawyers for other media monopolies made the point that stations owned by newspapers generally provide better news coverage than those not so owned. In the case of small towns, "under separate ownership," one writer noted, "the stations could not hope to approximate the newspaper's news staff."

It is an old story. In December 1940, when Republican-owned newspapers dominated the fast-growing radio industry, President Roosevelt sent this memo to the then-chairman of the FCC, James L. Fly: "Will you let me know when you propose to have a hearing on newspaper ownership of radio stations." Roosevelt was angry over the manner in which radio stations, particularly the *Chicago Tribune*'s WGN, were handling his fireside chats. An FCC investigation was started. Several years later some new rules were promulgated, one of which limited an owner to one radio station per city. The rule required divestitures by some. It also forced the National Broadcasting Company, which had two radio networks of its own, to drop one.

Today the Justice Department's petitions argue that advertising control of the market is so great that on their face the news media monopolies work against the public interest. That does not, however, meet the more troublesome question of news domination. Justice has suggested that newspapers trade stations among themselves, getting rid of those in the same city where they publish and acquiring stations elsewhere. That would keep intact the expertise on the newsgathering side, permit radio-television income to support papers in trouble, and perhaps enliven local competition for news and the best men to cover it.

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How the Dairymen Do It

Milking the White House

by Brooks Jackson

Nearly three years after the fact, the White House has conceded what we already knew: Richard Nixon was influenced by "traditional political considerations" when he raised milk prices in 1971. But that isn't all there is to it. The milk fund story covers secret cash shipments, laundered corporate contributions, politically well-connected lawyers, destroyed documents and a criminal investigation halted by an Attorney General who was also a campaign manager.

Let's begin with two agricultural empire-builders, Harold Nelson and David Parr. Nelson is a master of mergers. Those who know him say he is well spoken, a diplomat, an able lawyer. Parr is a promoter. One of his former lawyers remembers him as "a good used car salesman"; a former administration official says he's "almost a thug." That may be an exaggeration. Both began about 25 years ago as small-time managers of dairy farmer organizations. Nelson headed the Producers Association of San Antonio, Texas; Parr started with a similar group in Fort Smith, Arkansas. In the mid-1960s they merged the groups they then headed, the Texas Milk Producers Federation and the Central Arkansas Milk Producers, into a new multistate co-op, Milk Producers, Inc. Soon they gathered other large co-ops from the gulf to Canada into a loose federation called Associated Dairymen, Inc. This provided the framework for the most recent merger, in which several of the federated co-ops were fused into the Associated Milk Producers, Inc. Nelson was the group's manager. Parr was his "special counsel."

AMPI's headquarters is in San Antonio but its operations sprawl over 14 states from Texas to Minnesota. Its 40,000 members produce 12.4 percent of the nation's milk. It is the biggest co-op in the country. The second and third largest co-ops, Mid-America Dairymen of Springfield, Missouri and Dairymen, Inc. of Louisville, Kentucky, grew by imitating the Nelson-Parr operation. The top three, covering an area from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, control about 25 percent of the nation's milk. All are being sued by the Justice Department for allegedly using illegal pressure tactics to gain members. In some local areas they control all the milk, or nearly all.

From the outset the name of the Nelson-Parr merger game was power. Parr said so in pretrial testimony during the AMPI antitrust suit in October 1972:

Q. What kind of power are you talking about?
A. Oh, power like the federal government has . . .
Q. How did this power help you?
A. Milk prices went up.

Power had one logical end: control of every drop of milk produced in the United States. This could be done legally, at least in theory, because Congress had granted agricultural cooperatives an exemption to the antitrust laws. Parr said what he had in mind was a single national co-op that would regulate its members' milk production, advertise and promote the consumption of milk, run its own trucks and processing plants, and concentrate the farmers' political power in Washington. He called it "the total marketing concept." The idea was to raise the income of farmers.

Q. Is that all dairy farmers?
A. Yes.
Q. Including non-members?
A. If it was up to me, there wouldn't be any.

The consumer would be squeezed for whatever could be wrung out of him. "You never know what consumers are willing to pay until you ask for it," Parr said. Nelson may have had somewhat more modest goals. A lawyer who worked for them said Nelson sought a single national cooperative, but not necessarily one that would enlist every American dairy farmer.

Nelson and Parr set up political trusts modeled after those of the unions. The AFL-CIO had COPE, Nelson and Parr had TAPE. If COPE favored the party in control of Congress, so did TAPE. If COPE reported more campaign spending in 1972 than any other trust, $1,270,075, then TAPE was second with $906,245. The main difference is that the AFL-CIO has 13 million members and AMPI got its political money from 40,000 farmers. The other two super co-ops followed suit with their own trusts. Mid-Am set up ADEPT. Dairymen, Inc. set up SPACE.

AMPI's political operations were courting scandal even before Nixon was elected. Parr was recently indicted by a federal grand jury in Little Rock, Arkansas, accused of passing $22,000 in corporate funds to Hubert H. Humphrey's 1968 presidential campaign. He has pleaded innocent.

Recent evidence indicates that corporate money was

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Conversations in the Court

The Lord's Tithe

BISHOP GRAHAM:
I have a matter to discuss
That gives me pause. It touches on
A subject that will raise (between us)
A dismal ghost I thought was gone.

KING RICHARD:
You say it's gone? Then let it be,
For things resolved are best allowed
To stay away. No need to see
The bleeding wounds and bloody shroud.

BISHOP GRAHAM:
By gone I meant the law is clear
That all must tithe at God's command.
Each member gives his ten percent. I fear
That nonetheless some slack. To reprimand
The laggards, though, may jeopardize
Our Holy Church. What think you wise?

KING RICHARD:
To speed God's work I've issued laws
That add the rack and iron thumb screw
To Holy Writ and Hope because
I know that some will shirk and not be true.

BISHOP GRAHAM:
The Lord has blessed your fertile law
That flowers o'er the land. But Sunday last
I totaled up the roll. And lo, I saw
That all but one had paid, alas.

KING RICHARD:
Forsooth! Not in this Holy Land! Let's find
The scoundrel, quarter him for all
To see. The rule of law must bind
Us firm. The sinner is beyond recall.

BISHOP GRAHAM:
Your noble words surge through my heart
And give me Grace to speak. The one
Who so far pays the smallest part
Is, so help me God, the one and only Sun.

KING RICHARD:
Come, come, old Will. Don't fret
About this thing. For Kings to do the same
As all is never done. Kings give themselves and get
What's best for all. Forever that's the game.

BISHOP GRAHAM:
Shall we pray?

Robert J. Myers

regularly siphoned out of AMPI's treasury to enrich its political chest. Stuart Russell, an Oklahoma City lawyer who once worked for AMPI, has admitted under oath that he billed AMPI for at least $110,000 in "legal fees" for services that he never performed, then passed the money back to Bob A. Lilly, secretary of TAPE. AMPI later shelled out more money to pay Russell's income taxes on the pass-through money. It isn't yet known how much of AMPI's corporate money, which rightfully belonged to its farmer members, was funneled into other uses in this fashion. A dissident AMPI farmer, who is a lawyer and a fair accountant, complained to AMPI's present leadership and was told that the total might run as high as one million dollars. But Senate investigators haven't been able to substantiate a figure that high.

All this gets ahead of the story. In early 1969 Nelson and Parr found themselves frozen out of the White House. They had been in the good graces of the men around Lyndon Johnson, who was a part-time Texas rancher himself. AMPI employed two lawyers, Milt Semer and Jake Jacobsen, who had worked in Johnson's White House. Semer was Ed Muskie's treasurer in the 1968 vice presidential contest. TAPE had backed Humphrey.

But Humphrey lost, and the milk producers started looking for friends in a hostile new administration. Two things happened. They gave Nixon money and they hired a lawyer who was Nixon's friend. Semer, the Democrat, delivered $100,000 in cash, stuffed into a briefcase, to Herb Kalmbach in Newport Beach, Calif. in August 1969. Semer says he tried to send a check but Kalmbach insisted on currency. Kalmbach counted it, thanked Semer and gave no receipt. Semer said he thought the money would be relayed to White House favorites in the 1970 congressional election, but it was commingled in Kalmbach's secret fund of "leftover 1968 money" and among other things went to finance George Wallace's opponent, Anthony Ulasewicz' snooping and Donald Segretti's criminal pranks. (The White House says Nixon didn't know about the $100,000, but H. R. Haldeman, who gave Kalmbach his orders, probably did.)

Semer says he was dropped like a hot potato from AMPI's White House affairs soon after that. He suspects that a one-time law colleague, Charles W. Colson, was behind the shift. In any case by early 1970 Colson met privately with Nelson and Parr, and it was possibly at this meeting that they made their promise to raise two million dollars for Nixon's 1972 campaign.

Meanwhile AMPI hired a new lawyer to manage liaison with the White House. He was Patrick J. Hillings, Nixon's staff assistant when Nixon was a congressman. Hillings also had been a law school classmate of Kalmbach and shared offices with another new AMPI lawyer, Marion E. Harrison, at 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue, where CREEP later occupied floors

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above and below. Murray Chotiner moved into the same offices when he left the White House.

On December 16, 1970 Hillings wrote a letter to the President, saying with wry understatement: "This letter discusses a matter of some delicacy and of significant political impact." Hillings said AMPI was working to give two million dollars to Nixon's campaign, and in the next paragraph asked Nixon for action on a weeks-old recommendation by the Tariff Commission to cut off imports of ice cream and some other dairy products. And as if the implied request for a quid-pro-quo wasn't clear enough Hillings added, "We write you both as advocates and supporters."

Two weeks after Hillings sent that letter Nixon issued a New Year's Eve proclamation imposing import quotas on ice cream and the other products, though not at the zero level recommended. The White House says Nixon didn't see the Hillings letter, and furthermore that Nixon already knew about the two million dollar pledge. Colson had told him about it the previous September in a memo briefing the President for a nine-minute chat with Nelson and Parr at the White House. Colson recommended that Nixon acknowledge the two million dollar promise personally but Nixon kept silent about it, the White House says.

That meeting on September 9 was Nixon's first with the two milk barons, although he had spoken to Nelson by telephone five days earlier; it has been described all around as a social visit. Nelson invited Nixon to speak to his members at their next annual meeting.

In February 1971 Nelson and Parr enlisted the aid of powerful Democrats, including Wilbur Mills and Carl Albert, to boost milk prices. Nevertheless on March 12 Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin announced that prices would stay at $4.66 per hundred pounds. What happened between then and March 25, when Hardin raised prices by 27 cents after being overruled by Nixon, boils down to this:

► In Congress 127 congressmen and 29 senators sponsored bills to raise prices;

► On March 22 TAPE gave its first reported money to Nixon's 1972 campaign, $10,000.

► On March 23 Nixon met with Nelson, Parr and a dozen other dairy leaders and later met privately with Hardin, Budget Director George Shultz, Treasury Secretary John Connally and other administration officials. Connally, apparently speaking to Nixon for the first time about the matter, argued strongly for an increase, but "neither the Secretary nor anyone else discussed possible contributions to the President's campaign," according to the White House account. Nixon ordered prices raised.

► March 24, Dairymen, Inc. (SPACE) gave $25,000 to Nixon's campaign. Nelson attended a "Salute to the President" dinner and discussed with Murray Chotiner the manner in which campaign contributions were to be made.

► March 25, Hardin announced the increase.

The details of Connally's role are fuzzy, but by Connally's own account somebody has accused him of taking a bribe in return for his support, which now appears to have come at a crucial time. Connally denies he took any money. Connally did tell Nixon that dairy money would be flowing into Congress, and he was right. According to figures compiled by Common Cause, dairy political trusts (mainly TAPE, SPACE and ADEPT) gave $616,892 to Democrats and $532,050 to Republicans. That doesn't count money given to primary candidates who lost. Compare it to the $427,000 that Nixon eventually received from the big three co-ops, and it's plain the dairymen were covering all bets.

Immediately after the milk price decision, the White House was counting on two million dollars. H. R. Haldeman and John Dean talked about what to do with it on May 18. Gordon Strachan took notes:

"What should the milk money be used for?" Dean asked.

"The milk money can pay for the 1701 activities up to the campaign," Haldeman said. 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue was the Committee to Re-elect the President. CREEP headquarters was to be run on dairy money.

Months later Nixon accepted Nelson's two-year-old invitation to address his members. It was the crowning point in Nelson's career, a fabulous sit-down dinner for 40,000 people in Chicago's McCormick Place. "This is the biggest indoor crowd I have ever seen in my life," Nixon said. "I just wonder who is home milking the cows." He commented on the dozens of congressmen and senators who also showed up at their benefactors' party. "Right now you probably see more than on an ordinary day you will see on the floor of the House or the Senate," the President said. He told them they had "pioneered in developing a 'total marketing concept,' [Parr's code phrase for total monopoly] a concept which many other producers, I think, would do well to consider. All of this you have done on your own. You haven't whimpered helplessly about uncontrollable economic forces nor waited passively for government to bail you out."

Six days later, September 9, 1971, Justice Department antitrust chief Richard W. McLaren recommended a criminal investigation of the methods AMPI had used to further their "total marketing concept." Within months Nelson and Parr were toppled from power by their own board of directors, which reportedly was upset over poor management of the co-op's day-to-day affairs and lavish expenditures for such things as corporate jets and showy political bashes. Parr is under indictment as previously noted, and both men are under investigation by Special Prosecutor Jaworski.

Their troubles might have come to a head even sooner if McLaren had had his way. The Chicago office of the antitrust division had been investigating the

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milk producers since at least April 1971. Eventually they accused the co-op of using illegal practices to gain members. Among the allegations: AMPI flooded certain local markets with cheap milk to drive down the prices received by nonmembers; it bought up and liquidated truckers and processing plants who handled nonmembers' milk; it forced other truckers and processors to handle only AMPI milk, or to exclude all but a small amount of nonmembers' product.

On August 10 the Chicago staff recommended a grand jury investigation of AMPI, which could eventually lead to fines or jail terms for any found guilty. McLaren, in a recent affidavit, said he sent a memo to Attorney General John N. Mitchell on September 9 asking him to approve a grand jury investigation of a possible conspiracy by AMPI and others. Mitchell, who apparently knew about AMPI's two million dollar pledge and who was already making important campaign decisions, didn't respond. On October 29 McLaren sent a second memo again requesting a grand jury. Mitchell didn't respond. On November 10, two of McLaren's subordinates suggested filing an immediate civil suit, seeking a court order against AMPI's practices, rather than waiting any longer for Mitchell to act.

McLaren then went to see Mitchell personally. Mitchell referred to "the difficulties of obtaining a conviction" and "suggested the antitrust division proceed along civil rather than criminal lines," McLaren said. No grand jury. Suit was filed February 1, 1972, one day before McLaren left office to become a federal judge, a post to which he had been confirmed weeks earlier.

By this time Nelson had been deposed. He passed word to the White House that he couldn't make good on the two million dollar promise, but that he would try to get one million dollars.

Despite the fact that the administration was suing AMPI—within a few days after the suit was filed—Kalmbach personally asked the co-op's new manager George Mehren for money. Mehren said later it looked like extortion to him and he refused. According to a Strachan memo written about this time, Kalmbach was very concerned about his involvement in the affair. Ralph Nader had filed his lawsuit over the 1971 price increase, and subpoenas were in prospect. Months later Kalmbach withdrew his request to Mehren. Nixon fund-raiser Lee Nunn made one last try, but Mehren refused him too. George McGovern made a personal pitch for money for *his* campaign, also unsuccessfully.

All this leaves a key question about Mitchell's behavior: did he veto the criminal investigation for sound legal reasons? Or to do a political favor for the men who had promised to give two million dollars to the campaign that he later directed? According to McLaren's version (the only one we have, since Mitchell says through his lawyer that he can't remember the dispute with his antitrust chief), Mitchell's main reason for going civil rather than criminal was that AMPI would make it hard to get a conviction by raising the matter of their antitrust exemption.

Lawyers in the antitrust division, however, think that this question was settled in their favor in 1960 when the Supreme Court, in a very similar case involving a Maryland-Virginia dairy cooperative, said the antitrust exemption dosen't allow co-ops to use illegal methods to gain a monopoly. The Court said, "It does not suggest a congressional desire to vest cooperatives with unrestricted power to restrain trade, or to achieve monopoly by preying on independent producers, processors or dealers intent on carrying on their own business in their own legitimate way."

Mitchell's argument was further undermined February 24, 1972, when federal Judge Woodrow B. Seals in Houston ruled that AMPI's antitrust exemptions "do not license milk producers associations to engage in predatory commercial activities as alleged here . . . If these allegations of predatory and manipulative practices are proved, a violation of the antitrust laws has been demonstrated." This was in a private lawsuit against AMPI that contains allegations virtually identical to some of those in the government's suit.

The dairy industry lawyer, Marion Harrison, wrote letters about the suit on February 25, a few weeks after it was filed. AMPI, apparently unaware that Mitchell had saved them from a grand jury investigation, was unhappy about being sued, and about what they saw as the implacable attitude of Justice Department lawyers. Harrison, who expected that Richard Kleindienst would soon be confirmed as Mitchell's replacement at the Justice Department, said "I'll go see the new management . . . In a week or two I'll endeavor to zero in." In what he says is a joking reference to McLaren, Harrison said, "There's nothing like being able to control a subordinate, or, phrased another way, beware of confirmed judges who aren't judging yet!" Harrison eventually did see Kleindienst, but not until after the new Attorney General had shed blood on the Senate Judiciary Committee room floor explaining his actions in the ITT antitrust case. Kleindienst was no help, Harrison says.

The suit against AMPI may never be tried. Evidence has surfaced that AMPI hid drawers full of important documents, including Nelson's personal files, and destroyed others. The government and some private litigants are expected to move shortly for a ruling declaring AMPI to have lost the suit by default.

Meanwhile the question lingers over Mitchell's veto of the criminal investigation that McLaren wanted. Why didn't he answer McLaren's two memoranda? Did he decide on his own to veto a grand jury, or did he discuss it with someone in the White House? Was the decision made for good legal reasons, or because of "traditional political considerations"?

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Billions for Tribute

An Oil Counter-Strategy

by Louis J. Walinsky

Is it not curious that our reaction to the Arab nations' use of oil as an instrument of economic and political warfare has thus far been supine, devoid, so far as one can see, of any consideration of possible countermeasures? They hold the economies of the Western world in hostage with an immunity akin only to that enjoyed by Palestinian airplane hijackers and killers. Must we be reconciled to the prospect of paying endless billions in tribute?

While in the short run we rely—as we must—on conservation measures, and while we prepare for the longer run—as we must—by developing alternative sources of energy, improved technologies and the husbanding of what we now realize are global scarcities, is there nothing practical we can do to temper the exploitative disruptions the Arab nations have imposed upon us, and in even greater degree upon other industrial nations in the free world? If there is, why has there been so little disposition on our part to consider what might be done? In part because there has as yet been very little time. Immediate attention has necessarily been focused on coping with the shortages and higher prices so suddenly imposed. We have given diplomacy a chance to establish whether the crunch might not be temporary only. Some affected nations, notably France, have felt they might make a better deal with their suppliers on their own. Growing irritation with the United States on the part of (and within) Europe and Japan in recent years has contributed to their initial inclination to go it alone. Further there has been some expectation that the unity of the Arab cartel might disintegrate, and more expectation that with progress in Geneva toward Israeli-Arab peace the problem will solve itself. There has been, in addition, an uneasy awareness that a tough and unpredictable Soviet Union, its own basic strategic interests heavily involved in the current politics of the Arab countries, might make any serious attempt at countermeasures a hazardous undertaking. And underlying all this has been an awareness that, painful and costly though it is, the oil shortage will be productive in the long run of many blessings. Scarcer, higher-cost energy will force greater reliance on rail and urban mass transportation and car pooling, reduce traffic congestion and accidents, save highway money, contain urban sprawl, induce a return of population to the cities and thus strengthen their tax base.

Even if progress toward peace in the Middle East should result in resumption of a normal flow of oil, however, there will be no voluntary return to "normal" competitive or even tolerable pricing. The effects of the most recent oil prices on the cost structures and balance of payments positions of Europe, Japan and the poor countries, even more than on our own, would be literally intolerable. Their relatively greater difficulties would inevitably be transmitted to us. Moreover acceptance of monopoly oil exploitation would encourage the practice of blackmail on copper, bauxite, coffee, cocoa and other important commodities on which we depend. And finally submission to blackmail can only encourage the USSR to try in the future to pull even tighter the noose around our neck. A peaceful world has no room for vicious economic warfare. Let us look therefore at what can be done about it.

If we are to bargain effectively with an internationally organized monopoly, we must create a potentially countervailing power that includes Western Europe, the United Kingdom and Japan, as well as the United States. Whether such a collective front takes the form of a new Organization of Petroleum Importing Countries (OPIC), or whether it takes the form of a high-level emergency energy action group doesn't much matter, so long as it is understood that its priority objective is appropriate, joint action to protect the vital interests of its members with respect to petroleum supplies; sanctions, if you please. The more obvious of these countermeasures would include the imposition of stiff export taxes on all goods and services sold to the oil monopolists, the companion imposition of export licensing and quantitative controls on such sales, and the imposition of additional controls and penalties on the huge credit balances the oil monopolists cannot help but create in the oil importing countries by their sales. More forceful measures, such as the possible imposition of a naval blockade, should be, as of now, outside the range of consideration.

While export taxes might be considered responsive to the price gouging of the oil monopolists, and quantitative export controls might be considered responsive to their quantitative curbs on oil shipments, either instrument would be an effective bargaining weapon. Simultaneously employed, they would complement and strengthen one another. Both export taxes and

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quantitative controls would need to be uniformly imposed by the countries employing them, though the tax rates and quantities permitted to be exported might vary considerably among the industries, goods and countries affected. For example basic foodstuffs, for which demand is relatively least elastic, might be subjected to the highest tax rates and the most stringent quantitative controls. So, too, might be the latest model war planes, other sophisticated weaponry and crucial spare parts so urgently desired by major Middle East oil producers. Revenues from such export taxes might be distributed as subsidies to oil refining and oil using industries, thus reducing the burdens imposed on them by monopoly prices and lessening the price impact on consumers. Since the oil monopolists sell much more abroad than they buy, even very high export taxes could only partially offset their bloated oil prices—especially when the physical volume of their purchases is reduced by quantitative restrictions.

This is where the imposition of still further controls on their use of credits created comes into the picture. The size of these credits will be far too great to permit the oil monopolists to liquidate them in gold. (One calculation shows the cost of 1972's volume of oil imports rising from some $19 billion in 1972 to $87 billion in 1974—from $11 billion to $50 billion for Europe, $3.6 billion to $17 billion for Japan and $4.5 billion to $20 billion for the United States. We are thus talking about the creation of hundreds of billions of dollars of credits within a period of a few years.) Clearly these unpayable claims on dollars, pounds, deutschmark, yen, francs, lira or whatever could not be transferred to what would necessarily be equally unpayable claims on, say, Swiss francs. The oil countries can use these huge surplus credits only to increase deposits with the banking systems, or to purchase securities or physical investment assets of one kind or another, in the countries that have purchased their oil. These credits in the oil purchasing countries can be made very costly. Bank balances generally pay interest. But these particular bank balances can be made to pay very high guardianship charges—a *negative* interest rate as high as the custodial countries wish to impose on them. If the oil monopolists seek instead to invest their billions, whether in securities or physical assets, such transactions again may be made subject to a very high special tax. A negative interest rate of, say, 20-30 percent a year or a complementary investment tax rate of, say 100-200 percent, would go a long way to redress monopolistic price gouging in oil. Again tax and interest revenues from such measures could be used as subsidies to correct the cost and price distortions that higher oil prices have introduced into the importing nations' economies.

COMING: The steel deal—how the Nixon crew bent the rules when they blessed a big merger

If the oil importing countries take counsel on countermeasures, should they not also consider what they might do to discourage the Soviet Union from encouraging the oil squeeze? The Soviet Union seems to be anxious for Western credits, goods and technology, for internal reasons and to strengthen *vis à vis* China. Why should such Western favors not in the future be made dependent on appropriate modification by the Soviet Union of her troublemaker's role in the Middle East? This is all the more important because the threat of possible Soviet domination in the Middle East to the national interests of ourselves and our friends is far greater than the present threat of an oil cutoff.

If countermeasures of this sort are jointly considered by Europe, the UK, Japan and ourselves, against which countries might they in the first instance be directed? On the supply side we have a somewhat mixed bag. Libya, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait are major Arab oil exporters who are playing, eagerly or reluctantly, the political blackmail game, curbing production and shipments as well as raising prices in cooperation with, or under pressure by, Egypt, Syria and the Palestinians. Iraq, although she belongs within the same political frame, has not curbed shipments. Non-Arab Iran, another major Middle East supplier, and other major suppliers like Nigeria and Venezuela, are clearly not politically motivated but are simply taking advantage of the breakdown of competition to raise their prices to what the market will bear. In the first instance, therefore, the countermeasures we and our friends might take should be addressed to the major Arab suppliers involved in the political game, as well as to those Arab nonsuppliers, like Egypt and Syria, who have inspired them into their course of action. If a degree of success is achieved by such countermeasures—or better still, by the mere fact that such measures are contemplated—the nonpolitical, non-Arab suppliers would soon have to fall in line.

Could such a counteroffensive, or the threat of one, be effective? The Arab countries will undoubtedly ponder who would sustain greater damage—the industrial nations through a possible intensification of economic warfare that might cut off all Arab oil suppliers, or they, by a possible cutoff of all the supplies they receive from us? Are they not bound to conclude that it is we who would suffer most, and that it is consequently they who hold the stronger, and winning, hand? Given the relatively undeveloped state of their economies and the lesser degree of interdependence

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within them, it is undoubtedly we who would be economically harder hit for some time. And while the equitable sharing of scarce supplies among the industrial countries would be essential to their united front, the prospective readiness of the United States—relatively the most self-sufficient in energy—to share with Europe (and of the US and Europe to share with almost completely dependent Japan) may be regarded at best as dubious and, at worst, out of the question. Finally, are they not aware that a great many people in all oil importing countries will resent continued sacrifices because they identify this crisis with the Israeli-Arab conflict, even though the oil squeeze started long before the last outbreak of fighting, and will continue, unless we stop it, long after the war is resolved? We may grant all this. But the Arab suppliers would also have to weigh at least four other factors.

First, the historic abundance and relative cheapness of energy has made us all extremely profligate in its use. There is yet no way to measure, even in the crudest of terms, how much we shall be able, after a short adjustment period, to conserve its industrial, commercial and household uses, with little real inconvenience or hardship. The amounts might range from substantial in Europe and Japan to enormous in the US. Further, if we were sufficiently determined we might be willing to pay the cost of real hardships for as long as is necessary to effect the necessary energy economies and develop alternative sources. Once this was done, we would quickly recover. But the inability thereafter to sell their oil would deal the oil monopolists a mortal blow from which they could never recover. Second, they would have to consider not only economic, but also political, consequences. Whose populations, theirs or ours, are most restive and volatile; more beset by great inequalities in wealth and income; more prone in the event of additional hardships to overturn their governments? The answer, as they know well, can only be *theirs*. Third, they cannot predict at what point popular indignation in the industrial countries will demand of their governments stronger measures—for example the imposition of a naval blockade. (Kuwait's unprovoked threat to blow up her oil fields, if necessary, is evidence that she at least considers a possible resort to force by the oil importing countries to be one of the potentials with which oil exporting countries must reckon.) And if the oil monopolists should be inclined to rely on the Soviet Union to prevent such an action, they must also realize that we are not without influence on Soviet policy. For however substantial the strategic interests of the Soviet Union in the Middle East, those on her Eastern border are greater. Détente until now has progressed further with the Soviet Union than with China. But with enough at stake, the West (and Japan) could pump so much into China, and swiftly, as to alter profoundly the balance of China's strength *vis à vis* the Soviet Union. While we cannot foresee how much such a possibility might influence the Soviet Union, neither can the Arabs. They can be sure of one thing only—that Soviet policy will be determined on the basis of its own interests, not theirs.

Finally, the Arabs must realize that their blackmail must force all major oil importing countries to develop alternative sources of energy—nuclear, solar, shale, coal, tidal, wind, whatever—no matter how costly. This will have to be done even if the current pressure is soon ended, because we cannot permit ourselves ever again to be caught in a position of such vulnerability. But the pace and extent of development will depend on how soon, and in what degree, the present oil crunch, both in quantity and price, is eased.

This is all speculative in the extreme. Obviously the stakes are high on both sides. That is the point. Just as we must be very sensitive to the risks in the situation and approach a possible confrontation with care, so must the Arab suppliers for whom, in the long run, the risks are greater still. Discretion must appeal to them no less than it has already appealed to us.

What all this suggests is that Henry Kissinger, in calling last month for joint consultation by some 20 major oil producing and consuming countries, was pursuing a faulty strategy. This is not a situation that calls for the monopolists and their victims "to reason together." Oil producing countries have nothing to contribute, despite the Shah of Iran's advice, to how major oil users can best deal with their energy shortages. Neither will it serve much purpose to point out, in joint meetings with the oil monopolists, that if they bring disaster upon their consumers, they too will suffer disaster. They know this. What they are counting on is our greed and our lack of nerve and that their pressure will force us to ensure the kind of Israeli-Arab settlement they want. If we are willing to pay political and financial tribute to them now, and remain subject to the prospect of further blackmail into the indefinite future as well, that is one thing. If we are not it is time to take counsel among ourselves, agree on countermeasures we are prepared if necessary to use, and *then* speak to the oil producing countries with one calm, resolute voice.

Fortunately the road to this strategic advance has been opened by President Nixon's invitation of January 10, calling the major oil importing nations into conference next month to formulate a joint position *before* meeting with the oil exporting countries some 90 days later. He now proposes creation of a task force at the February meeting to formulate a two-sided program. One part would deal with exploding energy demand and the development of new energy sources. The second, significantly, would seek "*to develop a concerted consumer position* [my italics] which would protect the legitimate interests of the oil producing countries while assuring the consumer countries adequate supplies at fair and reasonable prices." That statement is just right.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Find Your Way Home
(Brooks Atkinson)

A Moon for the Misbegotten
(Morosco)

The last six or seven years have brought a flood of off-Broadway plays about homosexuality. The biggest hit was the slick *Boys in the Band* by Mart Crowley, and the most recent was *The Enclave*, abysmal, by Arthur Laurents. Now there's a homosexual play on Broadway.

Find Your Way Home is by no means the first play on the subject to be performed on Broadway. Edouard Bourdet's *The Captive*, about lesbianism, was produced in 1926 (and was closed by police action). The first time I ever saw Laurence Olivier he was the object of an older man's pursuit in Mordaunt Shairp's *The Green Bay Tree* (1933). One of the best homosexual plays I've seen, also about lesbianism, was Dorothy and Howard Baker's *Trio* (1944). But this new play is much more explicit than anything I've seen on Broadway. Broadway's daring was, as usual, prepared by off Broadway, and, as is also usual with Broadway daring, the play is an import.

The author is John Hopkins, an Englishman who has made a serious reputation in his country with his TV dramas (imagine *that* here!) and has a new play to be directed by Harold Pinter this spring. To judge by *Find Your Way Home*, Hopkins' first US production, his reputation is running a bit ahead of his achievement.

A middle-aged married man has learned that his homosexual interest is stronger than his interest in his wife or his (many other) girls. He returns to the young man he loves after a year's absence, and his wife secretly follows him. She thinks he is meeting a girl. The wife, after shock, after recovery of equilibrium, implores him to return; the husband, apparently, decides to remain with the youth. (It's a somewhat ambiguous ending.) The most engaging of the trio, by far, is the young man, who has been tormented by his socio-sexual position and his forlorn love for the older man over the borders of degradation and prostitution.

Hopkins is utterly serious and is concerned only with the effect of emotional developments on these three people. But he has made the mistake of assuming that the choice of this still-daring subject is in itself dramatic, will itself supply the "meat" of a play; and that his honesty will itself provide fresh insights. The script that followed, after he chose the subject and licensed himself, is at best adequate and is a good deal of the time banal. If one imagines this play as dealing with a conventional triangle, something that's frequently easy to do, then such a scene as the wife's confrontation of the husband, her fears of loneliness, her references to the children, her progress through various sorts of pride, are all extremely familiar. Most of the dialogue is more cliché than vernacular. (Phrases occur like "Time passes" and, about a job, "I was a glorified office boy.") Also some of the sexual data seem rather obtrusively explicit. Perhaps this is the characters' bravura, rather than Hopkins'. Concede that, and we are still left with a play that means, rather than does, well.

But the evening is memorable, the play worth seeing, because of the New York debut of Michael Moriarty. (His only previous New York appearance was as a replacement.) Moriarty has been working his way up through and around regional theaters; I saw him first in Minneapolis in 1966 and thought he had talent. He played the lead in the recent film *Bang the Drum Slowly* quite competently, if not overwhelmingly, and in Katharine Hepburn's recent TV production of *The Glass Menagerie*, he gave the only good performance, as the Gentleman Caller. In Hopkins' play he has the first really demanding role I have seen him in and, as is often the case with gifted people, the more demanding the role the better the performance. Moriarty seems to *etch* the portrait of this young man with incisions of semi-suppressed agony and forced facetiousness. Every pause, every inflection, every jagged gesture seems the consequence of a turbulent and continuous internal process, revealed to us in slivers and flashes. He is fine; and, especially as he reveals a full voice in his occasional brief outbursts, he could have a very considerable future.

The wife is played by Jane Alexander (who was the girl in *The Great White Hope*) with intelligence, but her faintly adenoidal suburban sensitivity intrudes somewhat between her and me. The husband is Lee Richardson, a competent, experienced craftsman who, alas, seems the actor the producers had to settle for when they couldn't get the one they wanted originally. Edwin Sherin has directed generally well, although he does leave people standing about quite a lot, and he has quite obviously planted a chair downstage left for a listener to sit in while others have long speeches, so that the speaker can play front.

Strange to remember, after seeing the above play, that Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten* ran into censorship troubles when it was first toured in 1947. Written in the early '40s, set in the early '20s, it seems such a period piece of sin and suffering now.

Aside from that aspect, *The Misbegotten* is an anomaly: a kind of postscript to *Long Day's Journey into Night*. If you don't know the earlier and infinitely better play, *The Misbegotten* must seem only a drawn-out series of skits and arias, chiefly concerned with a sentimental Irish-American boozer. If you know the other play, which O'Neill evidently assumes you do, then the last days of Jamie, the older Tyrone son, take on both pathos and clinical significance—particularly if (*pace* the New Critics) you also know the facts behind both plays.

From biographies one learns that the playwright's older brother, a terrible drunk, sobered up when his father died and he went to live with his mother in blissful "marriage"—apparently the (sexless) union that he had wanted all

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

American Graffiti. Cinematic insight transforms banal material—small-town adolescents in the '60s—into a pleasant memorial.

I. F. Stone's Weekly. A sharp, humorous, inspiriting documentary about a sharp, humorous, inspiriting political journalist.

A King in New York. Chaplin's last appearance (1957), never shown here before. Faulty but essential.

The Long Goodbye. Raymond Chandler à la mod. Pretty fast in its funnily fumbling way.

SK

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The Secret (Best) Sellers

Wilderness USA

(National Geographic Society; $9.95)

They sell for roughly half the price of comparable hardcover picture books with full-color illustrations. Their initial press runs regularly approach a quarter-million copies or more. Yet they are largely ignored by the major book review sections of the commercial press. They are Geographic books—special publications of the National Geographic Society.

Drawing from a standing audience of more than eight million Americans who are Society members, the book service starts with a better than even chance to guess the interests of its potential readership. But from that point on, a carefully developed member-sampling operation begins pushing the odds as far as possible to the house side.

This latest volume, entitled *Wilderness USA*, demonstrates the strengths of the system that produced it. If its current track record is an accurate indicator of its potential, it may well become the best-selling book in the Society's history. (The record is held by *America's Wonderlands*, published in 1959. After a first edition of 400,000 copies, a total of 635,000 copies was eventually sold.)

More than two years ago the book service sent out a "title test" to 20,000 of its members. The letter included synopses of six to 12 possible titles which were explained in 50- to 75-word blurbs. A questionnaire requested recipients to make a graded response (yes, maybe, uncertain, no) indicating their relative interest in each of the items on the list.

Such tests are used frequently to sample changing interests among the membership. They incorporate an elaborate series of checks to safeguard their validity. Thus, in different editions of the same test, certain titles are switched to different blurbs, or the same blurb is used with two different titles. Regularly a title or blurb that has never done well is included so that a consistently positive (or negative) series of responses immediately becomes suspect.

In this particular test *Wilderness USA* showed up, according to Jules Billard, chief of the book service, "as definitely a strong book." Based on these indications, the Society's editorial board, which governs all of its publications, approved a first-edition run of 250,000 copies, copies of a book that existed only in the minds of the subscribers and the editors who would now produce it.

An editor and a researcher from the Geographic Society staff were assigned to initiate the book project. As they progressed, additional Geographic personnel were added to the project, and free-lance assignments were made for the regional articles which would become sections of the book and for the photographs and illustrations necessary to support the text.

In the spring of 1972 the assistant chief of the book service, Seymour L. Fishbein, was assigned as editor of the book. He was in the final stages of his previous assignment as associate editor of another Geographic special publication, *Marvels of Animal Behavior*, which has since sold over 200,000 volumes.

Of *Wilderness USA*, he said: "This book was more scenic than the ones we usually do—normally we involve people as well—but I think it faces some real issues about what America is doing to conserve these areas."

By early 1973 the book was beginning to take shape. The Geographic promotion department prepared a sales brochure to be tested against one produced by an outside firm. Nine groups of 10,000 leaflets were sent to society members selected by computer. The nine brochures, varying in size, content, design and book jacket possibilities, were mailed to matched cross-sections of members throughout the United States. The lists were compiled from Geographic files of members who had and had not formerly purchased books, and sampled a wide range of membership election dates. On the basis of the responses to this test, the editorial board decided to increase the first printing to 325,000.

By the time the most effective sales brochure had been determined in late summer, the book was already well into production. Some forms had been on the presses as early as May. So by the time the first orders for *Wilderness USA* began to arrive in August, the last signatures of the first edition were rolling off the presses. More than two weeks before the book's release date more than 325,000 orders had arrived. *Wilderness USA* was sold out.

Hurriedly, a second edition of 150,000 books was ordered to be ready in time for Christmas. What had originally taken six months of press time was now scheduled for one month. Two printers in different parts of the country were used to meet the new deadline.

In keeping with the Society's reputation for factual accuracy, the editors consulted with officials of the Department of Interior in an effort to update any information that might have changed in the six months since the book went to press. Material relating to Alaska and other wilderness areas was rewritten as necessary.

By the time the second edition was nearing completion the Society had an additional 10,000 orders, with more arriving daily. A third edition of 150,000 is now under study. Original projections called for keeping the book in print for at least two years.

The reasons for the phenomenal success of *Wilderness USA* are many and complicated. In one sense it is simple economics: "You couldn't buy a book like it for $9.95 anywhere else," according to Billard. True enough, a comparable volume from a commercial publisher might be more than double the price. This competitive edge, secured by the Society's status as a tax-exempt, nonprofit, educational organization, renders the several million dollar initial investment for the large quantities of a book such as *Wilderness USA* not quite so speculative after all.

And because these books are being published by (and for) the Society, profit remains a minor consideration—if it is considered at all. Instead the book service prices its products at or near the level of their first edition production costs. In the event sales necessitate subsequent editions which result in profit taking, those monies, the Society says, are redistributed within the Society to support educational and/or public service programs which fail to pay their own ways.

Because of the greatly increased costs of the overtime production schedule that had the second edition ready in time for Christmas orders, little if any additional profit is expected. In this instance the book service disregarded possible income in light of what Billard

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and the editorial board felt were their responsibilities to member service.

Editor Fishbein sees reasons beyond economics or fortunate tax status for the success of *Wilderness USA:* "There is a general interest in preservation and the Geographic Society has a continuing interest in that. Also the book deals with issues that are very current right now, not the least of which is the balance between the development of our energy resources and the preservation of our wilderness areas."

The reputation for photographic excellence that the Society has built over the years through its monthly magazine (established in 1888 as an educational enterprise and therefore also tax exempt), and the general interest of the public in picture books of all kinds and the environment in general are also potent factors.

But the fact that the book service draws from a predetermined audience of more than eight million persons who have at least some common interests seems to be the real key to both the direction of their efforts and the volume of their sales. The book service's polling and sampling techniques, under development since the early '60s, are carefully designed to find out what the members want and how it can be supplied to them most effectively.

Book service chief Jules Billard seemed to sum up the feeling among the staff when he said: "We knew this was going to be a good book. We're tickled to death with it!"

Kenneth A. Goldblatt

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH GOLDBLATT *is a free-lance writer and photographer who lives near Washington, DC.* ROBERT BOYERS *is associate professor of English at Skidmore College, Saratoga, NY, and editor of the quarterly* Salmagundi. JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor of* The Miami Herald. KENNETH EVETT *frequently writes on art in these pages; he is chairman of the department of art, College of Architecture, Art and Planning, Cornell University.* JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN, *much-published poet who lives in Baltimore, was poetry consultant to the Library of Congress, 1971-1973.* JOHN BOWLT *teaches in the department of Slavic languages at the University of Texas, Austin.* L. M. JENDRZEJCZYK *is a 24-year-old teacher who was discharged from the army as a conscientious objector.*

Kenneth Evett on art

Pollock; Cezanne

Sixteen small pieces of paper covered with variegated pencil strokes and transparent washes of violet, green, ultramarine, rose and ochre, painted by Cezanne between 1888 and 1906, were on display at the Rosenberg Gallery in New York City at the time that the announcement was made that Jackson Pollock's "Blue Poles" had been sold to an Australian collector for two million dollars. An incongruent juxtaposition was provided by these apparently unrelated events. One little Cezanne watercolor, "Trees in Wind Storm," though one-tenth the size of "Blue Poles" and valued at a lesser sum, did have enough significant features in common with that painting to span their differences of time and place of origin and put the works of the man from Aix and the man from Cody in a common frame of reference.

In both paintings a side-to-side flow of movement marches along narrow horizontal rectangles of similar proportion. In both pictures vertically oriented forms run counter to that dominant lateral pattern. Both offer an intimate visual record of the artist's idiosyncratic physical tempo and psychic energy. Each painting, in its own way, affirms the two-dimensional nature of the flat, bounded surface of the rectangle. And each has been designated by art historians as revolutionary. Beyond that, they haven't much in common but they do invite critical speculation on esthetic accomplishments and market value judgments in the early, middle and late years of the 20th century.

Pollock's "Blue Poles" is a work of relentless banality. Organized like a high school art class exercise in the elementary principles of rhythm, eight thin, nobby, blue-black rectangles, all with slightly tilted axes, oscillate across the surface of the canvas. Against this monotonous parade are flung random patches and swirls of commercial enamel, reminiscent of an abandoned repast of "uova stracciatella" and "spaghetti." These wrinkled ribbons and clotted pools of dripped pigment tangle together in an incoherent mishmash of contradictory overlaps that are locked in an irreconcilable spatial stand-off and finally wind up in a state of exhausted stasis. So what remains is the dull beat of those blue poles and a hermetically exclusive impasto surface skein of black, white, silver and the three primary colors. As a purgative outpouring of raw energy, Pollock's gesture may have immediate haptic appeal, but because it is so self-centered, so limited in spatial resonance and content, "Blue Poles" at best offers itself as a large, unorthodox and perverse ornament. While its random movements may induce a state of hypnotized daydreaming, it makes few demands on the intellect or imagination of the observer and is therefore remote from the uses of contemplation.

By contrast Cezanne's little watercolor, the visual record of an outer directed process of observing and making marks in the presence of nature, invites the observer to engage in a comparable act of exploration, to find for himself the affinities, contrasts and geometric harmonies that Cezanne discovered and built into the structure of his painting. Through this act of re-creation, a formal design of articulate clarity is revealed. But in addition to that vision of abstract order, "Trees in Wind Storm" evokes the earth-rattling force of a Provençal "mistral" and generates from its small surface a sense of boundless space. That a few low-keyed washes of dull green, mauve and brown should have the power to open up such a revelation of universal rhythm is a mystery that cannot be fully explained. However, at the mundane level of method, Cezanne's system of defining negative and positive areas at once, so to speak, may have something to do with that magical power. By making marks that defined the spaces between the forms, the artist defined the forms, and in such a process the white of the paper can be seen simultaneously as mass or space or just a piece of white paper. Of course this ambivalent interplay of substance, flatness and depth has been a major preoccupation in 20th-century art, but whereas Pollock adhered to a formula system of guaranteed surface delineation, Cezanne's vision and method led him to the discovery of a rich, paradoxical interplay between voids, volumes and surface.

These two paintings represent contrary approaches to the problem of scale. If a significant sense of scale is

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based on the measure of human proportions and the spatial range of bodily movement, a designed dimensional framework may vary in size from Santa Sophia to the tomb of Galla Placidia, or Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel to a Chardin still-life. But in order to achieve the plenitude and expansiveness that goes with truly monumental sense of scale, fitness to human measure and fitness of content to size and function are essential. Cezanne's watercolor was formed by fine movements of the arm, hand and fingers. It encourages intimacy, close attention, and engages the observer as an equal participant in the creative event. It is his imaginative reconstruction that gives the work a sense of scale. Pollock's painting was formed by large dance-like movements of the entire body, confronts the observer with sheer size and either jars him with the ironic discrepancy between size and content or overwhelms him as the passive recipient of its simple impact. Cezanne's creation is an act of unself-conscious concentration that invests a small piece of paper with a sense of monumental scale, while the Pollock is an aggressive, self-conscious gesture of letting go that makes an 83-inch by 192½-inch canvas finally shrink to an image of inconsequential scale.

"Blue Poles" was a precursor of the elephantiasis that has afflicted American painting in recent years. Taking the grandiose example of French salon painting as precedent, artists in this country have outdone one another in producing colossal pictures, either to beat down the competition, assert their egos or impress the audience with sheer heroic size. The recent Helen Frankenthaler exhibition at the Emmerich Gallery was a prime example of the aberrant assumption that bigness equals monumentality. Those vast expanses of unprimed cotton duck, awash with diluted acrylic paint, minimal in content, but abounding in inadvertent images and coincidental references to landscape painting, are conceptually and formally (in her case—horizontal poles played off against blousey random clouds of color) direct descendants of "Blue Poles."

Such works are probably due for a rigorous devaluation. As the American equivalents of establishment European salon painting they may, like the works of Bourgerou or Alma-Tadema, go into a decline, only to be revived as distinctive period curiosities at a later period. For now "Blue Poles" and similar over-

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blown and overrated works seem appropriate expressions of the extravagantly wasteful phase of American life that is now coming to a close. The Aussies' two million dollar purchase is more than an act of provincial naiveté. It is evidence of the manipulative values that obtain among the consuming industrial nations of the world and a revelation of the rampant inflationary esthetic and economic folly that prevails there.

Immodest Anthology

The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry edited by Richard Ellmann and Robert O'Clair

(Norton; $14.95 hardbound, $9.95 paper)

This is no ordinary anthology of poetry written in English from the time of Whitman to the present. Unlike most volumes of its kind, it aims at becoming a definitive collection, displacing a variety of earlier anthologies and making it very difficult for any prospective anthologist to interest a publisher in issuing yet another anthology covering similar ground. We know this is so for several reasons, not the least of which is the sheer size of this Norton volume. In its more than 1400 pages it manages to print a quantity of material almost inconceivable for a modest anthologist with limited pretensions to exhaustiveness and comparable budgetary limitations which would have compelled him to select very carefully indeed the work that deserves to be anthologized.

But there are other reasons. No anthology of verse in my lifetime has been heralded with equivalent fanfare and promises of definitiveness. Nor have so many English professors, to my knowledge, received *gratis* copies of so lavish a book without their having even requested examination copies for potential adoption in their classrooms. Finally, and most important, the senior editor of this volume is Richard Ellmann, whose brilliant books on Yeats, on Joyce, on Wilde and others have made him perhaps the most distinguished literary scholar in the English-speaking world. No volume with which Ellmann is prominently associated can be examined with anything but the greatest seriousness and concern. If only by virtue of Ellmann's association this new book would be an influential one.

All the more appalling, then, that this should be a terrible book, and one that is bound to do great damage to the vital interests of the poetry community in our time. I do not mean to be shrill, but it is important that we understand what this anthology may come to do. In recent years we have had no lack of competing anthologies covering, roughly, the verse of the last 100 years. Some of these have been useful, others fundamentally without character or discernible principle of selection. Still, even those one did not like could be tolerated, even perhaps encouraged, on the ground that they represented the earnest attempt on the part of a poet or scholar to come to terms with the verse of his age and the immediately preceding one. If an anthologist failed to discover a principle of selection along the way, failed to generate a vision of the essential in recent verse, the literary community would not be very much the worse for his abortive efforts to do so. Other anthologies would come along, and one could rely upon the standard collections to provide many fine things. *The Norton Anthology* will, I'm afraid, very much change all that, for it is more than likely to drive out the other competition.

Now this is not the place to consider in detail the various functions of anthologies, but surely it may be useful to mention a few. T. S. Eliot once wrote that their function "lies in the interest of comparison, of being able to get, in a short space, a conspectus of the progress of poetry: and if there is much to learn by passing from one poet to another." It would seem silly to dispute so moderate a formulation of function. But Eliot has a more complex function to assign anthologies, and this has to do with a reader's relative appreciation of major and minor poetry. According to Eliot, "we may think of the minor poets as those whom we only read in anthologies," though, he goes on to say, "for every poetry reader there ought to be some minor poets whom it is worthwhile for *him* to read entire." And how do we decide which minor poets we shall read entire? Simply by seeing which anthology selections we respond to most strongly, most personally, which we can both admire and love.

Obviously the uses we may make of an anthology depend upon who we are and how accustomed we are to reading poetry. Literary people with a consistent interest in the verse of their own time will surely keep up with the work of modernist and contemporary masters—so it is inconceivable that a literary person should need an anthology to introduce him to the writings of Robert Lowell or John Berryman or Theodore Roethke. Occasional readers of verse, on the other hand, may well wish to see the best work of such writers pointed out by professional critics, poets or anthologists. For such a reader, the sense of what matters most to poets may be exclusively impressed by his reading of selections from the major poets in one or two anthologies. Even if favorably impressed by one or several of these poets, he may not wish to go on to read their entire work, as Eliot perhaps too optimistically suggests. What such a reader will undoubtedly need, though, is the conviction that there is a way of coming at the major or minor poetry of his time which, if not universally approved, at least represents the best instincts and critical thinking of the finest literary minds of the age. He will want to have a sense that, in spite of great variations in tone, vocabulary, subject matter and raw talent, the poets represented as most admirable in the age and certified by their inclusion in influential anthologies, will achieve a certain minimal standard—they will be not merely new or experimental—they will be intelligent and excellent.

If the occasional reader cannot feel that this is the case, he may well decide that, like other commodities in our culture, poetry may or may not be taken seriously by literate people, that finally

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what one attends to is a matter of whim or conviction, and has nothing whatever to do with what has been truly and unmistakably accredited by the best minds working in a given discipline. That it is not only the occasional reader, but literary professionals as well, who have succumbed to the overwhelming relativism of this period is no secret; but it has nonetheless seemed plausible in the past to look to figures like Richard Ellmann to stem the tide, at least with respect to limited matters like the establishment of a viable literary tradition for our age. Once more we are disappointed in this expectation.

I cannot in the space I have here establish, by quotation from the relevant texts, what is so bad about the Norton volume, but I can be quite explicit about grievances any reader can easily look into for himself. Like most anthologies, this one contains mostly the work of minor poets—there are only a handful of major poets in any period, of course, and there is nothing anthologists can or should want to do about that. What they should want to do, though, is to select for inclusion poets who have substantial bodies of work, poets who may well repay a reader who wishes to dip further into their work, along lines suggested by Eliot. A number of poets represented in the Norton volume have not produced such bodies of work; others who have will inevitably disappoint any serious reader of verse who would go beyond their best one or two lyrics. Shall I name names? Imamu Amiri Baraka, Ted Berrigan, Etheridge Knight, Richard Emil Braun. Berrigan in particular is one of those faddish New York poets who has never written a sustained poem and who, one supposes, is included here because he has a cliquish following in New York's East Village poetry circles, organized around poetic "life-styles" rather than a love for poetry itself.

But more important by far are the exclusions from this volume. Reflecting on the poets not included at all, one is likely to smile at the underrepresentation of John Berryman, or the inclusion of John Ashbery's "The Tennis Court Oath," a thoroughly incoherent poem characterized by the editors, in a headnote to his work, as following from postulates which are firm but never divulged—whatever that can say of a poem inexplicable to any reader I've ever met. Now, one regularly argues about who should and should not be included in an anthology, and clearly there are natural limitations in every one which no one can ultimately do much about. Judgments and differences will have to be relative to some degree at least—readers will have to compare what has been left out to what has been put in—no sense in arguing how many more pages the publisher should have allowed for. I shall say, flatly, that I have never been so disturbed by the exclusions from an anthology as I am in this instance. Readers may not like one or two of the following poets, but anyone who cares about the verse of the last 25 years will agree that most of these poets have done superb things, and deserve inclusion in a volume so catholic as this anthology presumes to be: excluded are Galway Kinnell, Ben Belitt, William Stafford, John Logan, Leonie Adams, Louise Bogan, David Wagoner. One is at a loss to explain such lapses; even speculation is hard in light of the fact that Kinnell and Logan are widely read and admired, though a poet like Leonie Adams has fallen into an obscurity only a volume like *The Norton Anthology* could possibly have altered. But I've perhaps said more than enough. Let's hope we shall have other and better anthologies to look at before long.

Robert Boyers

Prankish Spirit

Dirty Tricks or, Nick Noxin's Natural Nobility by John Seelye

(Liveright; $5.95)

Of the manifold conundrums that Richard Nixon presents, one of the most puzzling (if trivial) is his ability to elude his satirists. To be sure, his ski-jump nose and sagging jowls and 5:00 shadow are rare meat for cartoonists, as Herblock and Oliphant have proved. Yet some of our best literary satirists have stumbled over themselves attempting to make devastating light of the Nixonian manner, personality and ideology. Philip Roth's *Our Gang* was a sophomoric disaster, as mean-spirited and ham-handed as anything its subject himself has done. Gore Vidal's play, *An*

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Evening with Richard Nixon, was a clumsy and unfunny pastiche.

Now John Seelye has entered the lists with *Dirty Tricks or, Nick Noxin's Natural Nobility*. Readers of this magazine do not need to be told that Seelye is an uncommonly graceful, witty and ingenious writer. His earlier book, *The True Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, is a genuine *tour de force*, a rewriting of Mark Twain's classic as Huck might have written it had his original author not been saddled with Victorian conventions. It is a funny, ribald and entirely persuasive piece of work, utterly faithful both to the original and to Twain himself.

What Seelye attempts here is in much the same prankish yet creative spirit. Within the format of Horatio Alger's "Strive and Succeed" novels, he tells the stirring tale of a redoubtable 14-year-old Southern California youth named Nick Noxin who does battle with Evil and triumphs over it, learning several valuable lessons in the process. Thus the book is both a spoof, albeit an affectionate one, of the Alger myth, and a satire of Richard Nixon. As the former it is fine; as the latter it has its funny moments; but overall it is unsatisfactory.

Certainly the idea is a good one, for it is doubtful that we have had a President more suited to the Alger mold: a solemn poor boy, a "likely lad" with his eye on the future, who by pluck and luck has gone about as far as he can go. Not since Harding and Coolidge have we had a President more given to spouting Algeresque aphorisms. Yet as Seelye understands, Nixon has molded the Alger myth to suit himself. He embraces the old-fashioned pieties for public consumption, while in his political behavior and personal finances he embraces an ethic that falls, to put the kindest possible light on it, a bit short of Alger's lofty standards. That, need it be said, is the underlying irony of Seelye's book.

Readers will have no trouble recognizing our hero: "Though slight and short of stature, Nick Noxin bore himself with manly dignity, and his dark features were gathered in a pleasant scowl under the black curls of his tousled head, a fixed and thoughtful expression of agreeable determination, given particular focus by his nose. Though his dark eyes were more narrow than wide, and rather close-set, they nonetheless conveyed the impression of an intelligent wariness . . . Nick's appearance was further enhanced by his gait, which if slow was steady, as with each step his bare toes gripped the dirt of the road with sturdy purpose. Though his feet were somewhat splayed, their very flatness lent our hero an appearance of great stability."

This arsenal of dubious assets stands Nick Noxin in good stead as he struggles through a sea of trials, among them a failed and traumatic attempt at journalism, cruel treatment at the hands of the railroad barons ("'If I ever get to be Somebody,' vowed our hero to himself, 'all the trains will run half-empty, and *nobody* will make any profit!'"), a strange encounter with a man in a red wig, and a severe test of his loyalty to his employer. But he rises to each challenge, and in the end virtue is triumphant, more or less.

All of which is quite amusing—though things get rather silly in the last pages—and Seelye gets in some timely shots at a number of inviting targets. He has full command of the Alger style, as the passage quoted above suggests, and he gets off some deliciously tangled aphorisms: "Oil encountered on the pathway of life makes for a treacherous foothold." "The hard fist of the man of the soil is a silent reproof of the limp fingers which hold the pen." "The Bible tells us that we shall earn our bread by the sweat of our faces."

Dirty Tricks is entertaining and diverting, and it is several cuts above the body of Nixon satire, but ultimately it falls short. The jokes, the images, the allusions—whether to Checkers or Watergate or the ski-jump nose—are simply too familiar to be funny. Perhaps it is just the times, but it is hard to laugh at (much less with) Richard Nixon. Indignation, outrage, pity, contempt—okay; but laughter, no thanks. That, of course, is not Seelye's fault; but quite inadvertently, he reminds us how unfunny Richard Nixon is.

Jonathan Yardley

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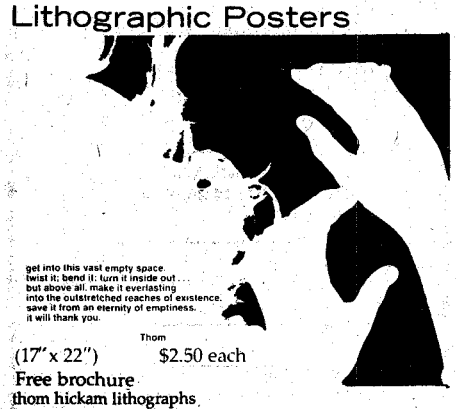
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Pill Pushers

The American Connection by John Pekkanen

(Follett; $7.95)

For sheer avarice it's hard to top the drug industry. Its lobbyists in Washington and the 50 state capitals have succeeded in creating a legal framework that protects the pill pushers at the expense of consumers, particularly the elderly who can least afford high drug prices. "Anti-substitution laws" in most states prohibit pharmacists from dispensing a less expensive generic equivalent if a doctor has prescribed a brand name even though the drugs are identical. If all physicians wrote prescriptions only by the drug's official or generic name and patients insisted that pharmacists fill the prescription with the least expensive medicine, most consumers could cut their yearly prescription costs by half or more. Once a brand name has been prescribed, however, the pharmacist has no choice.

Like consumers, physicians are also captives of the pharmaceutical industry, but in their case it's largely of their own doing. *The Medical Letter on Drugs and Therapeutics* is an independent and highly respected publication which evaluates drugs; only one-fourth of America's 200,000 physicians subscribe to it. Instead, most get their information from the *Physician's Desk Reference*, every line of which has been supplied, edited and paid for by the drug companies. The heaviest promotion, however, is done by "detail men": the foot soldiers who go from doctor to doctor to sell their company's products. One detail man gave John Pekkanen a frank diagnosis of his relationship with doctors: "I see most of them every month, or try to. I'll tell you, the average doctor's knowledge of drugs is pathetic, almost nil. I'd say more than half of them rely on me exclusively for their information; the rest listen to their colleagues."

Not since the days of snake-oil elixir have any "miracle drugs" been hawked as hard as Roche Laboratories' golden twins, Librium and Valium. Pekkanen estimates the company spent $150 million to $200 million in medical journal advertising and promotion in the 1960s. To help create a perceived need for these

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"minor tranquilizers," Roche also went to work on the media to get favorable publicity. The effort paid off handsomely in April 1960 when *Life* magazine came out with a story: "New Way to Calm a Cat." The "cat" was a 40-pound European lynx, the calmative Librium (dose unspecified—probably of man-killing magnitude). The message was a sure seller: if Librium can tame a wildcat, just think what it can do for suburban neurotics! A month after *Life*'s puff job, Librium hit the market in a big way. Five years later, some 15 million people had taken more than six billion capsules. Although *The Medical Letter* found no "convincing evidence" to support the sweeping claims in Roche's advertising, the company kept on pushing and selling.

In large part this is a Washington book, detailing as it does the industry-lobby-government nexus. Through documents on the public record and interviews with participants and observers, the author has laid bare the ways in which the companies and their high-priced Washington attorneys have exploited the legislative and executive processes. The industry and its lobbyists, for example, worked hard to persuade Congress to keep amphetamine from being put under strict production and prescription controls. The result was a "speed" epidemic among the youth of the late 1960s. Although it was ineffective when prescribed as an appetite depressant, it created an appetite in many people who craved a pep pill. Finally, two years after the House Select Committee on Crime documented the industry's complicity with illegal diversion of amphetamine and the exaggerated advertising claims made for its legitimate use, the Justice Department cracked down and put the drug under strict controls.

The pharmaceutical industry is one of the most profitable, second only to mining in return on sales in 1972. This profitability results directly from government protection of its oligopolistic practices (*e.g.*, anti-substitution laws) and heavy promotional spending (one billion dollars). Its public relations arm, the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association, is one of the largest in Washington with an annual budget, Pekkanen estimates, of $3.5 million and 70 employees. Apparently hard-pressed for meaningful work, PMA goes overboard when confronted by such minor irritants as unfavorable articles about the drug industry. After I wrote "Rx: Inexpensive Pills with Costly Labels" (*TNR*, June 2, 1973), the president of PMA and an assistant vice president sent three- and nine-page letters to the editor (with copies, no doubt, to the offended drug company presidents and officers). Any organization with that much time on its hands is clearly overstaffed and overpaid.

"Profiteering and Politicking in the 'Ethical' Drug Industry" is the appropriate subtitle of this book. Not only does it expose the shoddy practices of the drug business, it also shows, in fascinating detail, how the industry actively subverts the political process. Published in October of '73, the book received very little critical attention. It is hard to understand why; it is in every sense a most valuable book.

Peter J. Ognibene

Hard to Be Human

the poet in the world
by Denise Levertov
(New Directions; $9.50)

Fifteen years ago Denise Levertov began her book of poems, *With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads*, with a translation from the Toltec, of which the last two verses run:

> The true artist: draws out all from his heart,
> works with delight, makes things with calm, with sagacity,
> works like a true Toltec, composes his objects, works dextrously, invents;
> arranges materials, adorns them, makes them adjust
>
> The carrion artist: works at random, sneers at the people,
> makes things opaque, brushes across the surface of the face of things,
> works without care, defrauds people, is a thief.

Her own poems have sprung from that

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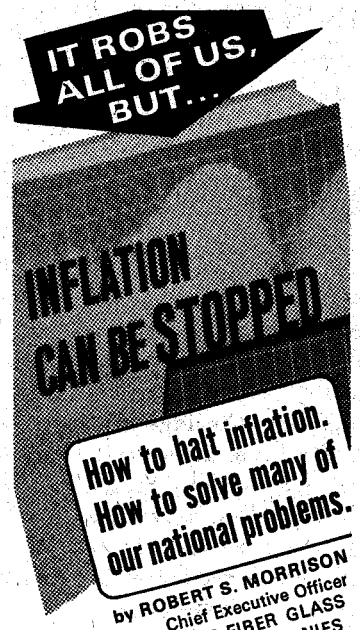
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concept, and the best of them have spoken for it. Her prose is less consistently shaped to all of those considerations. *the poet in the world* is an interesting, uneven, occasionally exasperating and always sincere collage of essays, criticism, fiction, political statement, articles on teaching and on other poets.

Of its five sections—"Work and Inspiration," "Life At War," "The Untaught Teacher," "Perhaps Fiction" and "Other Writers"—by far the most interesting is the first. Miss Levertov can, and does, write lucidly of the blunders, prizes and tenacities of the poet sweating out her poem; and her discussion of other writers, (Creeley, Williams and Duncan are those she most admires) though highly subjective, is alive and uncompromising. She is at her most happily typical when she takes on the questions of the nature of poetry, and when she describes poetry in terms of a *translation*, a word defined in her 1865 Webster's as "being conveyed from one place to another, remove to heaven without dying." She has some sharply accurate things to say of the flabbiness of much current poetry, of the abuse of the personal pronoun, and of "those wizened off-shoots of Williams' zeal for the rhythmic structure of the American language . . . who have made the mistake of supposing that he was advocating a process of reproduction, of facile imitation, whereas what he was after was origins, springs of vitality."

Her analysis of the uses of myth in poetry, of the numinous metaphor, is an intelligent discussion of the poverty of urban cynicism. She has a lively and honest belief in the gods: "Personally I cannot bring myself to believe that the gods originate in the mind of man and are merely his way of coping with natural forces or abstract ideas by giving them semi-human personalities and stories. When man describes the gods, he certainly only approximates, and therefore distorts, the reality he intuits, but I fail to see the logic of assuming that therefore they do not exist." While recognizing that "our fear of the high-falutin is related to the salutary dislike of hypocrisy," she joins Roethke, Lawrence and Raine in contempt for the purely egocentric and conversational, quoting Lawrence's "There are no gods, and you can please yourself— / go and please yourself— / but leave me alone, leave me alone to myself, / and then in the room, whose is that presence / that makes the air so still and lovely to me?"; and urgently reminds us that *contemplation* "(from 'templum,' temple, a place, a space for observation, marked out by the auger) means not simply to observe and regard, but to do these things in the presence of the god."

But that earlier word "uncompromising" shades uncomfortably, in other sections, into the sort of single-mindedness more admirable in a crusader than in a writer. However compassionate or enraged she may be, the difference with which a writer wears her rue must be the evidence of an openness to the unwelcome intrusion of the conditional, to that complexity which is always cutting down the self-indulgence of the simplistic. In Levertov's prose, this problem is mixed up with the absence of that sense of proportion which is humor. Irony, slapstick, self-mockery and wit are temperamentally uncongenial to her. Unwilling to distinguish between that healthy skepticism which ultimately is the protection against cynicism's dry rot, once she quits prosody, her conclusions are often accompanied by a disconcerting overkill. It is impossible not to sympathize with her passionate charge that "the poet is turned away from his impulse to sing, to testify in patterns of words, to the miracle of life, and is drawn will-nilly to warn, to curse, to gnash the teeth of language . . . It is hard to be an artist in this time because it is hard to be human."

In the section devoted to her trip to North Vietnam, one is at first enchanted by the poet's free and true response to a milieu and locale she has yearned over in an intense indignation and revolt against a brutal and degrading war. The land is seen as beautiful, as green and fresh, with the people miraculously friendly, more tolerant in the face of the savagery of aliens than one could have imagined. But then with dismaying completeness, the poet retreats into the lobbyist: the sun is brighter, the people all more beautiful, all institutions benign and effective. As a member of what she describes as the Monster Race, she is understandably abashed by the physical and spiritual beauty she encounters. But alas, in Levertov's pages, the Writers' Union, the Solidarity Committee, the Interpreter, all have the same aura of trans-

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figuration as that of the innocent victims of barbarity. And in her dealing with her own courageous antiwar efforts, there creeps in the unprepossessing inflection of contempt toward any deviants whose similar objectives might lead them to a less spotless confidence.

The small piece, "Words From The Elm-tree Theater," releases directly one of the real strengths found in her poetry—the loving and eager expectation of the miracles of becoming: "The seed you take a few minutes to plant now, may some day be a branching, whispering fountain full of birds." This is part of her honest understanding that "every chink and cranny of nature is full to overflowing. That each instant is crowded full of great events." Like her poetry, her prose is charged with immediate metaphors of her attention to epiphanies. This same sense of a kind of magic expectancy lights up the "Perhaps Fiction" section, and makes one hope that she will write other stories, for these have a luminous, dreamlike quality which is genuinely haunting. When she writes of teaching, though she has no revelations for us, her veracity and her empathy with students of any age and background are most appealing.

But what is most impressive in this volume is the vehemence with which Denise Levertov speaks for the reach and dignity of poetry. And if passages of her book seem at times toneless and didactic, without the interest and richness of conclusions forged from the assessing of contradictions, the book always is that of the true, never the carrion, artist. It makes, most movingly, large claims for an art form so often hamstrung in practice by the trivial, the fake and the chic. It is impossible to read this book, to listen to its immediacy, without a quickening. This is the poet who wrote, in *O Taste And See*,

A sense of the present
rises out of earth and grass,
enters the feet, ascends

into the genitals, constricting
the breast, lightening
the head—a wisdom,

a shiver, a delight
that what is passing

is here, as if
a snake went by, green in the
gray leaves.

Josephine Jacobsen

Man and Artist

Mayakovsky: A Poet in the Revolution by Edward J. Brown

(Princeton University Press; $16.50)

Professor Brown's monograph on Mayakovsky is the first solid work to appear on him in English since Wiktor Woroszylski's ill-translated and ill-edited *The Life of Mayakovsky* (1970). Whereas Woroszylski's work served as a compendium of critical and literary descriptions concerning Mayakovsky's activities, Brown endeavors to survey the poet's life and work and, as he asserts somewhat ambitiously, "to clearly identify, sort out, describe and display what is essential in the work of Mayakovsky." Whether Brown has succeeded in his intention is debatable, but there can be no doubt that his detailed and refreshing examination is at once scholarly and eminently readable. His skillful avoidance of a severely formalist approach together with his willingness to clarify autobiographical episodes makes this book worthy of the attention both of the layman and of the specialist—even though his compromises of criteria lead sometimes to superficial remarks on certain aspects of Mayakovsky's work. While we may accuse the author of a tendency to retell the story without a conclusive and personal evaluation, his elucidation of enigmatic lines, his attention to autobiographical allusion and his references to concurrent events do indeed provide us with a broader and more meaningful understanding of Mayakovsky both as man and as artist.

One of the most arresting themes presented by Professor Brown concerns the poet's solitude—his estrangement from fellow writers and from ordinary human beings. The general impression of Mayakovsky as a vociferous member of the futurist collective, as a supporter and comrade of the proletarian masses is dispersed or at least tempered by the author's excellent first chapter—on Mayakovsky's last public performance, his dismal failure to communicate with his audience of proletarian students, and his acute sense of ideological and artistic alienation from them. This tragic flaw in Mayakovsky's personality, *i.e.*, his inability to establish an easy social rapport and his painful feeling of inferiority (despite his ebullience and flamboyance), becomes increasingly evident as we learn of his amorous misfortunes, of his filial rather than "conjugal" relationship with Lily Brik, of his love of animals ("all alter egos of the poet himself), of his adolescence in the opinion of such august figures as Lunacharsky and of his provinciality and loneliness in France and America.

Viewed against this sequence of melancholy episodes, his suicide becomes a logical culmination—even though Brown omits to stress the undoubted and perhaps decisive factor of the poet's illness in 1930, regarded by some contemporary observers as the principal reason for the poet's death. In this context of nervous emotion, fits of depression and exaltation, ceaseless fear of disease and death, the expressionist elements of Mayakovsky's work (Professor Brown is entirely justified in comparing *Vladimir Mayakovsky: A Tragedy* to an expressionist drama) take on a new significance: indeed it is but a short step from this level of inward disturbance to that "normal form and surreal content" curiously identifiable with so much of

AUTOPSY ON PEOPLE'S WAR
CHALMERS JOHNSON

WHO won in Vietnam? What is "counter-insurgency?" What kinds of revolutionary strategies do terrorists and urban guerrillas pursue? Why has guerrilla warfare become the most commonly attempted form of revolution today? An experienced observer of Asia and revolutionary movements offers a post-Vietnam assessment of the revolutionary strategy known as people's war.

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Mayakovsky's life and work. This dichotomy was as present in the *épatant* poems at the beginning as in the love lyrics at the end, and it was surely a slip of the pen which caused Professor Brown to refer to Mayakovsky as a "psychological bankrupt" during the last month of the poet's life.

The emotional and introspective complexity of Mayakovsky's work should have induced Professor Brown to discuss the poet's debt to the symbolists in much greater detail than he did. Although there are references to the formal innovations of Bely and Bryusov, the futurists' expansion (rather than rejection) of the symbolist tradition is not recognized in full. In fact Professor Brown seems to favor the conventional but rather misleading notion that the symbolists and futurists were opposing factions, that, in metaphorical terms, the symbolists "held themselves aloof . . . in a 'tower' " while the futurists "exposed themselves to the urban masses in cafés. . . ." In fact the symbolists were in many ways as bohemian and certainly as radical as the futurists (we think of their cafés on the Tverskaya), and the futurists were often as élite and as withdrawn as the symbolists (we think of the snobbery of Kulbin and Severyanin, the mathematical systems of Khlebnikov). Brown correctly focuses attention on Dr. Radin's remarkable study of insanity and futurism and approaches the concepts of fortuity, intuition and spontaneity when he affirms that "the substance is gone, the accidents remain" in the context of Kandinsky, but, unfortunately, he does not develop this argument: yet it is the intuitive basis of Russian futurism that distinguishes it from the Italian counterpart and that accommodates it comfortably within the tradition of modernist Russian literature and art.

Such a defect is forgivable, the more so since it can be justified by the conventional emphasis on Mayakovsky's urbanism, his concern with technology, with rational poetic construction, etc. However the lack of information on Mayakovsky as a painter and graphist is a serious lacuna and constitutes, perhaps, the major failing of the book. The omission is serious not only because Mayakovsky was a very competent artist and as such applied his very visual perception to his literary endeavors but also because the association of literature and art during the modernist era was so very close and interactive. There is no lack of source material on this question since Soviet historians have devoted much attention to it.

Such small failings aside, Brown's book acts as an invaluable source of factual information; and while limiting himself to published materials, the author makes extensive use of Soviet and Western bibliographical references in order to support his biographical, literary and philosophical opinions. Undoubtedly Brown's book will do much to propagate the name of Mayakovsky and even though he may still remain unsympathetic to some of us, this "adolescent," this "talented buffoon" will now elicit our more enlightened response.

John E. Bowlt

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before her like a lotus:
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the sounds of an infant
who never cries
  and in the courtyard
the rolling of vietnamese
bones with american dice
  she listens
as petals wither and
fall away
nights and days pass
other children pass
  while she remains
tied to her bed
—and tightly holds on
to the ropes
  for life.

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Three: the bigger and better

Doris Grumbach

Big books get lost in the Christmas madness. That is, they are noticed and bought but often, because they are noticed and bought for the wrong reasons, they fail to get the genuine critical attention they deserve. A good example of this is a book Hammond published late last year, **The American Revolution: Mirror of a People** by William Peirce Randel, with photographs from many sources including special photography by George Fistrovich ($14.95). The extraordinary thing about this book is that it is written with directness and simplicity, making the facts of ordinary life during the period that preceded the Declaration and the Revolutionary War available to an interested high school student as well as to the adult reader. Yet everything in it is, as far as I can ascertain, accurate and carefully documented. What also distinguishes this book is its emphasis upon the common man, not the hero or the celebrated political figure, his work, his home life (both in cities and in rural areas), his entertainments and reading matter, in other words, the American character and what went into forming it. If, like me, you have thought of Hammond as merely a publisher of maps and atlases, this handsome volume will disabuse you of the conviction. The chapter on colonial schooling is especially intriguing. Modern students will discover that at Harvard until 1773 students were ranked not by grade averages but "on status in colonial society." They recited in class in this order, and were seated at meals in the same way, an interesting sidelight to our ingrained conviction about equality under our forefathers.

There is no doubt in my mind that the best buys for the money and quality on the market, and this includes hardcover books, are the paperback offerings of Dover Publications. Their list is enormous and often distinguished, they are noted for the excellence of their bindings that hold up under the roughest usage, and now they are responsible for a collection of art books distinguished for their scholarship and usefulness. Take their recent **Engravings by Hogarth,** edited by Sean Shesgreen. Selling for a mere six dollars, there are 101 prints reproduced here, each plate accompanied by a well informed commentary, the kind of gloss that most Hogarth plates require if one is to take full pleasure from the detail and variety of information contained in the great painter's series. The introduction, called "The Milieu," provides background material for the student entering the 18th century for the first time, the other sections of the introduction ("plot," "character," "time," "setting," etc.) are equally informative. The quality of the reproductions, while hardly that of the originals, is good enough to serve as appetizer to the palates of those who don't know the delights of Hogarthian wit and social history.

Or take Dover's recent publication of **Degas' Drawings.** I could not believe I was reading the price right on the cover—a more-than-modest $3.50—because this is a reproduction of *Dessins de Degas reproduits en fac-simile* (Henri Rivière), a limited edition portfolio issued in 1924. Although only eight of the 100 drawings are in the original color, the whole product is fine, accurate and, what is more, *available* to lovers of Degas and students of the "realist-romantic" school of French art.

Or this, the William Morris **Ornamentation and Illustrations from the Kelmscott Chaucer.** Somewhat reduced from the original size, and of course not the entire manuscript, this book (again, $3.50) contains sample pages from the Kelmscott, the woodcut illustrations after designs by Burne-Jones, and the large Morris borders and decorated initial words. Morris' work on this volume exhausted him. Four months after its completion, in 1896, he was dead, and this edition, as close as the ordinary reader can come to the less than 500 copies of the book that were printed, demonstrates the extensive handwork that went into it. Books cannot, of course, be made this way now, were never again to be made with such personal care—87 woodcuts, each page hand designed, all the borders specially made, etc. Any admirer of *Troilus, The Canterbury Tales, The Romance of The Rose* and other works of the 14th-century father of English poetry will find this book an unusual visual pleasure.

And I want to praise the collection of photographs by Berenice Abbott, **New York in the Thirties** (Dover; $3.50) but this time, for personal reasons—because these are about my days of growing up in my native city, and Abbott has here permanentized my youth. Originally published by Dutton in the late '30s, the book has not been seen since. It was a product of the Federal Art Project, remains among the best examples of reportorial American photography we have. Abbott is a "straight" photographer; her picture of the old Civic Repertory Theatre evoked those times as no extended memoir in words can. I am delighted to have this book. Dover ought to be medalled or cited or something for the variety of things it is doing, the quality of the results, and their prices.

What is this love affair that we all have—all somewhat civilized and cultivated men have would perhaps be more accurate—with the outcast, the misbegotten, the freakish? In **Eyelids of Morning** by Alistair Graham, photographs by Peter Beard, the mythic creature called the crocodile is examined with a thoroughness probably never before brought to bear upon the fierce, cunning, savage beast. This is not a conservation book—far from it. It has none of the often sentimental preservationist point of view, nor does it represent the "romantic cause" in which more attractive animals such as lion and seal cubs enlist us. It's about the "vermin," the *kroko-drilos* or pebble-worms of the Greeks, "scaly things that shuffle and lurk around low places." The pictures that accompany this examination of their lives, habits, history and deaths do nothing to change our picture of the creatures men find repulsive, frightening, dangerous—and with every reason. But the accomplishment of the book is that it fully informs us—about the croc, Lake Rudolf where the last great concentration of them is to be found, and the people, the Turkanas of Kenya who inhabit the area and helped the author with his pursuit. "The reality behind the romance" is the subject of this beautiful book, as well as "the mingled destinies of crocodiles and men." I ask myself why I find this work so fascinating, and conclude it is not what I thought, not the ugliness but the beauty of the beasts as an inevitable part of the natural world, of the fast disappearing wilderness, of the appeal of the "relic and a symbol of the savagery we mean to rise above" (NY Graphic Society, $22.50).

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

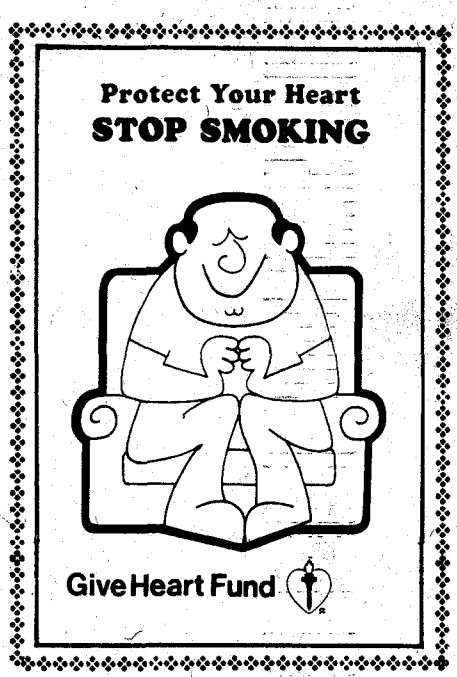
his life and whose impossibility had made him an alcoholic. When his mother died, Jamie hit the whiskey slide again, steeply, and died a year later. The key speech in *The Misbegotten*, the only genuinely interesting scene in this long play, is Jamie's description of the death of his mother and his whiskey-sex spree on the train bringing her coffin back East from California.

He reveals his secrets to Josie, the Amazonian daughter of an Irish tenant farmer on the Tyrone place in Connecticut, whom he visits regularly to josh and drink with and to blather about purity. The only shred of interest in Josie is her lie about herself (another of O'Neill's necessary "pipe dreams"): she spreads the story that she is loose, although she's a virgin, because she needs at least imaginary desirability. Jamie spends one moonlit night in her arms—innocently, despite a great deal of frenzy on the subject of sex—and then leaves, presumably to die soon.

Now this minor tangential play has finally been "placed" in the theater, after several lesser attempts, thanks to Jason Robards' performance. Essentially this is the fourth installment of Robards' performance of this O'Neill character: it's virtually the same man he played in *The Iceman Cometh*, *Hughie* and, of course, *Long Day's Journey*. Robards does it superbly. It's the only character I've seen him do superbly, but he makes it a small cosmos of European heritage versus American values, of religion versus unwelcome liberation from it, of Oedipal tangle further tangled by booze and binges. If you want an object lesson in the art of acting, read Jamie's prosy speeches about his mother's death, then go to see Robards. It's one more proof of the selfhood of the actor's art.

Colleen Dewhurst, the Josie, is still a failed great actress to me. She ought to have been great, that's easy to see; but she's fat, she swings that saccharine smile like a club, and she sounds like a worn 78 rpm recording of a magnificent voice. I can't share the enthusiasm for Ed Flanders as her father. He's supposed to be a tough, sly Irishman with a grudging soft spot, but Flanders seems to have strayed in from *Finian's Rainbow*.

Jose Quintero, who has a long experience with O'Neill and with Robards in it, had his lapses here with Dewhurst and Flanders, but helped bring Robards to perfection. Ben Edwards' setting looks more like scene designs of the '20s than like the '20s themselves.



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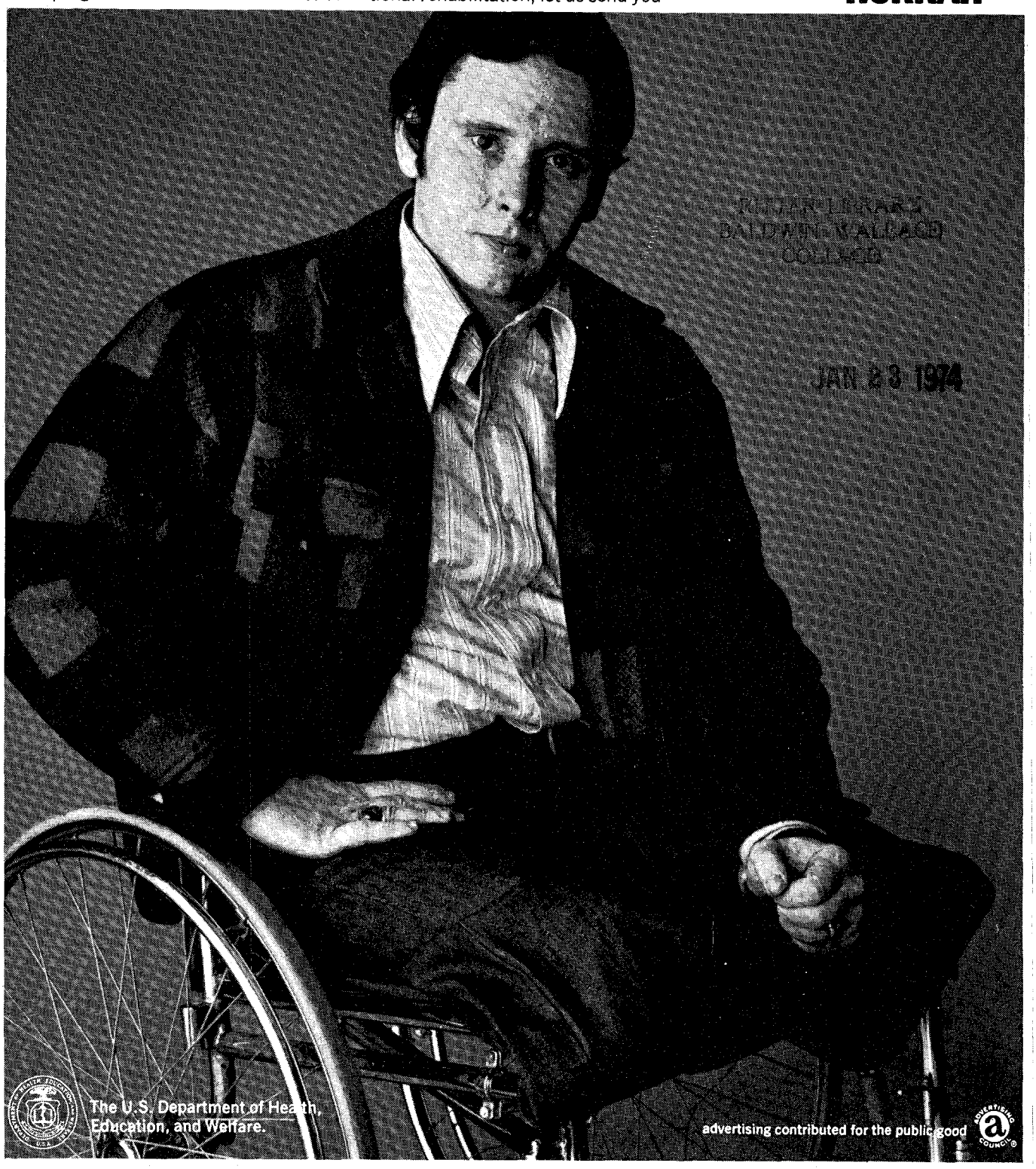

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